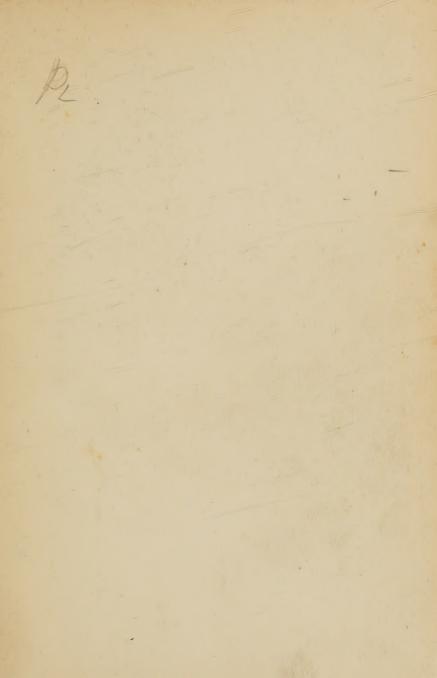
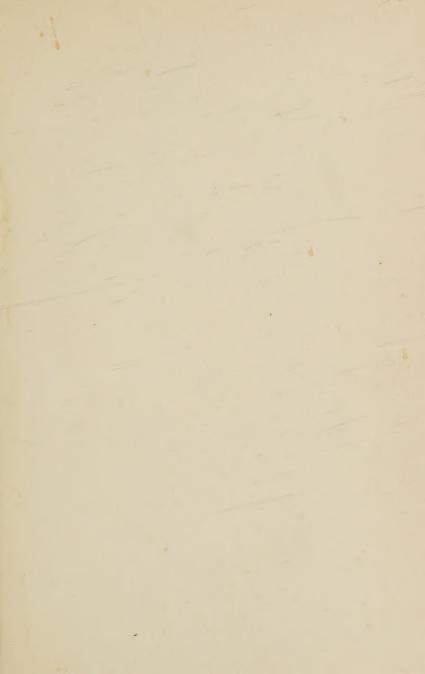
Sixty Years With the Muse

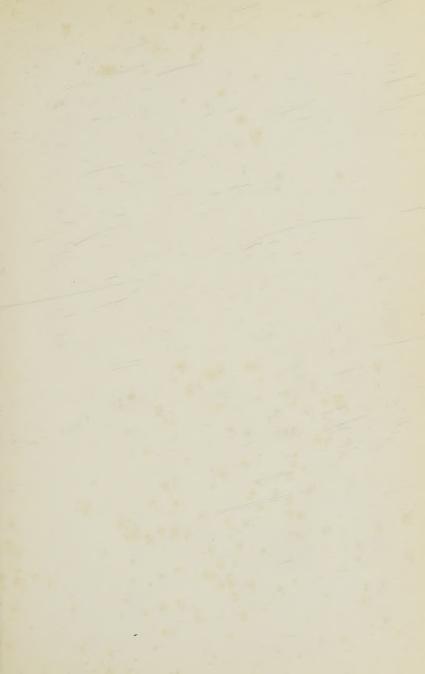
SEpt. - 21 st /09 Presented to a.a. Hayer Per. J. a. Robison

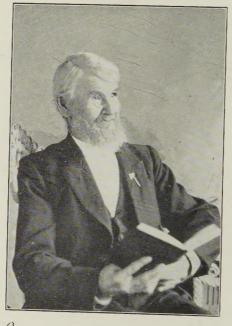




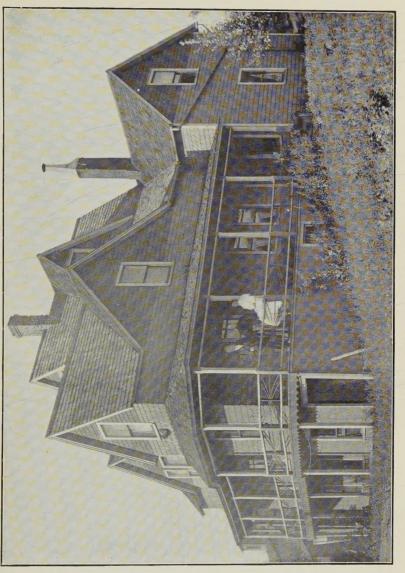








Gours Truly L.S. Hager





SIXTY YEARS WITH THE MUSE

BOOK OF POEMS

 \mathcal{B}_{y} REV. LEVI LEWIS HAGER

VOLUME III



"What thou seest, write in a Book."-Rev. I:II

Copyright, 1908
By the Eric Annual Conference of the
United Brethren in Christ

Note—As I have given the manuscript for this book of poems to the above Conference, they have the right to control it for the future, paying all expenses of publishing. The proceeds, after paying expenses, are to be used for the superannuated and needy ministers of the said Erie Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.

L. L. HAGER.

DEDICATION

First, to the sacred memory of the ministry and laity of the Erie Conference, of the United Brethren in Chirist—since my connection with it for fifty years—who have entered the "rest which remainst for the people of God," Second, to the living ministry and laity of the present and future, connected with this Conference.

Third, to the beloved Church of my choice, in all lands, is this volume dedicated by the Author.

PREFACE

TWENTY years have circled away since volume first of the Muse was issued; one year after, volume second was given to the public. During these years the poems of which volume third is composed have been written. Various have been the occasions and circumstances which have suggested them.

The Bible poems have grown out of daily Bible study. Decoration and War poems have been written as the occasions were passing. Every-day life has given photographs for the pen. Death has added its contribution for the Memorial Department. But it is needless to specify further.

The Muse came and whispered, "Write." I have not sought remuneration or fame, but my highest ambition has been to accomplish good.

I have been greatly encouraged by the good words which have come from many in various stations of life who have read "Forty Years With the Muse," not only from children and youth, but ripe scholars.

And now at the sunset gate of life, beneath the weight of eighty-three years, fifty of which have been spent in the gospel ministry of my Church—forty in the active work, and ten in occasional work at home—I wait the days of my appointed time, until my change shall come.

FOREWORD

IN a romantic house of eleven gables, on a side of the beautiful Findley's Lake, in Western New York, lives an aged poet. He was born with open vision, the faculty to perceive the ideal world of beauty which enswathes and interpenetrates the cross world of our senses. In early youth the Muse appeared to him, inspiring his imagination to reflect as a mirror

"The light that was never on land or sea,"

so that

— "Meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To him did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

She also filled his heart with a passion for this transfigured world of ideal beauty; and, further, she touched his lips and pen, so that his words flow in magic rythm as the cool, rippling water from a spring in a shady dell at the foot of the hill, to refresh the traveler in a weary land.

The author of these poems is one of our oldest preachers living, and a member of the Erie Conference. He is held in high esteem by his own Conference and all who know him. Already, two other volumes of his poetry have been published and highly appreciated by those

fortunate enough to have copies.

The old poet is almost blind to the visions of earth, but he can say:

"What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight; Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy

Which, having been, must ever be; In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind."

For the sake of the author, for the merits of the poems, and for the encouragement of a literature among our people, I commend this volume.

J. S. MILLS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them	
Babel	. 13
Death of Jonathan	
Enoch	
First Called Christians at Antioch	
Galilee of To-day	. 15
God's Love	. 15
His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful	. 19
Let Her Drive	. 29
Melchizedek	. 10
Song of Praise	. 12
The Babe Wept	. 18
The Birthright	. 17
The First Sabbath	
The Lad With the Loaves and Fishes	. 23
The Song of the Bow	. 20
The Thread of Scarlet	. 27
The Upper Room	. 14
Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?	. 11
	2 (84 46)
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.	
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years	. 38
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899)	. 38
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905)	. 38 . 37 . 36
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem	. 38 . 37 . 36
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905)	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903)	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906).	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages. The Year 1899.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36 . 30
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages. The Year 1899. TEMPERANCE.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36 . 30 . 43 . 35
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages. The Year 1899 TEMPERANCE. Gold Bugs, Silver Bugs, Prohibition.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36 . 43 . 41 . 35
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages. The Year 1899 TEMPERANCE. Gold Bugs, Silver Bugs, Prohibition. Great Is Diana of the Ephesians.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36 . 43 . 41 . 35
SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Among the Years. Christmas (1899) Christmas (1905) Easter Poem Personal Thanksgiving (1905) Thanksgiving (1903) Thanksgiving (1906) The End of Time. The Greatest Day. The Greatest Hero of the Ages. The Year 1899. TEMPERANCE.	. 38 . 37 . 36 . 32 . 34 . 33 . 36 . 43 . 41 . 35

The Deadly Foe	55
The Den of Snakes	45
The Feast of Rumshazzar	48
"The White Woman's Burden"	57
What It Turns Out	50
SHADES OF HUMOR.	
A Good Wife	62
A Hole in the Pocket.	64
Black Susan, or the Ghost of a Departed Swine	77
"Darn a Fly, I Hate a Fly!"	65
Eating Pie With a Fork	70
Election Day	84
Flies in Fly Time.	59
General Conference in Session	79
Keep Your Mouth Shut	63
Measure for Measure	75
Sally Giggle	85
Thanksgiving of the Rats	72
The Broom and the Mop	78
The Crow of Triumph	76
The "Forgots"	81
The Grip	69
The Inaugural of McKinley (1897)	73
The Kickers	74
The Lost Rib	68
The Mesne Between the Extremes	64
The Spring-Board	83
Two Ex-Presiding Elders	60
When Mother Was Young	66
DECORATION AND WAR.	
c'uba	94
Devoration Day (1905)	90
Decoration Day	87
Ren ember the Maine	96
The Beginning of the End.	98
The Bow of Ulysses	88
The Boys in Blue.	86
The Splügen Drummer.	92
The Stars and Stripes Hoisted.	95
Welcome to Admiral Dewey	93
Welcome to the Japan Orator	97
wercome to the Japan Orator	01
IDYLS.	
Emer Jay	108
Maggie (1889)	106
Mischief Cat	110
Romance of Childhood and Youth	109
Rumance of Childhood and Todda	-00

The Cottage by the Spring. The Dance of Death. The Fortieth Year of Married Life. The Meeting at the Well. The Midnight Wedding. The Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Gage. The Wedding in the Church (1896).	110 100 103 101 105 107 102
MEMORIAL.	
A Dream of Life	119
Anniversary of the Birth of Abraham Lincoln	113
Anniversary of the Birth of Washington	128
A Pilgrim	126
22 220000 177111111111111111111111111111	125
Dodow, 11.	113 133
Cadman Death of C. M. Ball.	124
Eulogy of the Blind Husband Over His Deceased Wife	129
Harrison, F. A	115
Hill, John	114
Hott, Bishop J. W	123
Ida	127
Ida Snow—The Dead Child	129
Kephart, Bishop E. B	117
Last Words, "How Beautiful!"	112
Livingstone, David	120
	133
Moody, D. L	122
Talmage, T. De Witt	116
	130 116
Willard, Frances E	
TITION CO. E. LOUIZON Editor or to the control of t	121
CASUALTIES.	
Destruction of San Francisco by an Earthquake	139
Escape of the Slave Mother	137
The Cyclone at St. Louis (1896)	135
	140
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Achievements of Man	161
Adieu to the Old Home. Am I My Brother's Keeper?	176
	149 167
A Tribute to Doctor Fin	
Birth of La Grippe	$\frac{182}{160}$
Buoys of the Sea	169
Can I Forget Him?	150
	148

Dying Rich	
Faith and Works	168
Fault-Finding	181
Fighting the Bad Fight	173
How Little We Know	165
Let Him Down Gently	183
Little Sins	147
Meditation	174
Nursing Trouble	146
Oh, What Will the Baby Be?	175
Past, Present, Future	172
Silent Forces	
Sin	151
Sins of the Tongue	143
Small Things	142
That Clime	152
The Angel at the Gate	171
The Castaway	179
The Father of Lights	166
The Icicle	163
The Kingdom of Mind	149
The Laws of God	181
The Mirage of the Desert	184
The Platform and Pen	155
The Throne of God	164
Things That Mar	167
Three Links of a Rusty Chain	154
Trouble and Prayer	153
True Manhood	145
Up the Ages	169
Value of the Soul	156
Waiting for the Boatman	143
Welcome to Our Pastor	164
When the Old Man Dies	158



BIBLICAL

ENOCH

"And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him" (Genesis 5:24).

As friend with friend they walked each day,
Until three centuries passed away—
Enoch and God.
Naught intervened to separate,
Though on each side were sinners great
Stalking abroad.

By faith the holy man was kept,
As on the years continuous swept,
And sin increased.
At length, one morn, all clad in flame,
God in his chariot swiftly came
And him released.

Death stood aghast, his dart let fall,
For God would show his power to all,
In time's young morn.
Now upward speeds the fiery car,
And, burning like a blazing star,
At last 't is gone;

And men were all amazed to see
And solve the wondrous mystery.

They for him sought,
But all in vain, both far and nigh,
For God translated him on high,
And he was not.

MELCHIZEDEK

Great problem in theology,
Too high for man's philosophy!
Like comet in the boundless space,
Which leaves no clue his path to trace—
From whence it came or whither flies
Among the orbs which fill the skies.
Alone he stands in ancestry,
A king and priest of high degree.

Upon a mountain-top revealed,
And yet in mystery concealed.
Till he the patriarch returned
With spoils which he had richly earned,
And in his Salem stopped to rest,
And of his blessing was possessed,
Greater than Abraham was he,
A type of Christ in mystery.

Greater than Aaron's honored line, A king and priest, he was divine. Mysterious in his humble birth, The greatest miracle of earth; The greatest miracle of heaven— The God-man, for sinners given. A priest himself—an offering made; His life upon the altar laid

To expiate our sins, that we By faith in Him might thus be free. Then through the veil he entered in His advocacy to begin, And plead his blood once freely shed, With all his sufferings in our stead. Come boldly to the throne of grace And pardon find, O sinful race.

WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?

(Ruth 2.)

The sun was set when Ruth returned From gleaning golden grain; With gladness old Naomi learned, And greets with smiles again.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day," she said,
"So bountiful a store?
"T will give for many days our bread,
When harvest-time is o'er."

"'T was in the field of Boaz wide; So bountiful was he, He bade me in his field abide, And reapers scatter free."

Say, reader of these humble lines, Where hast thou gleaned to-day? The fields are rich, and golden shines The truth along the way.

The fields of ancient history Invite thee there to glean, As they unlock the mystery Of many a bygone scene.

And science opens wide her door,
And calls thee to survey
Through all the years, as down she pours
Light from her orb of day.

The earth is full, the heavens are full,
The present and the past,
Of wondrous things for mind and soul,
Where'er the eye is cast.

The fields of evil, too, are wide,
Harvests of sin and shame
Extending out on every side,
The passions to inflame.

As thou shalt sow, so shalt thou glean, As life doth pass away, Until shall come the harvest scene At the great judgment day.

SONG OF PRAISE

(Isaiah 12.)

In that day, O Lord, I will say,
Although thou wast angry with me,
Thine anger thou hast turned away,
And I am comforted by thee.

Thou art my trust, I will not fear,
Jehovah is my strength and song,
My great salvation, ever near.
His praise forever I'll prolong.

From the deep wells of his rich grace Salvation will I constant draw; There is enough for all the race, Then come and drink with holy awe.

His doings to the people tell,

That his name may exalted be,

Through all the earth the tidings swell

From land to land, from sea to sea.

Inhabitants of Zion, cry,
And from thy heart let shoutings be;
Behold Jehovah from on high,
The Holy One in the midst of thee.

BABEL

(Genesis 11.)

"Come, let us build a city great, And tower exceeding high, That thither we may congregate, All dangers to defy."

The bricks are there, the mortar made,
The structure rapid rose,
But God their foolishness surveyed,
And did their work oppose.

One language only had they known Until that fatal time. By God confounded, overthrown, They fled to every clime.

'T was well they were dispersed abroad, And made to widely roam. It showed the wisdom of a God Through all the years to come.

Great God, how wise are all thy ways,
How wonderful thy plans,
The wrath of man thy works shall praise,
As seen in all the lands.

In temperate climes, and torrid, too, And midst eternal snows, On mountains high, in valleys low, The race of Adam goes.

And all the islands of the sea
Are populous with thine;
However rude their state may be,
They sprang from Adam's line.

THE UPPER ROOM

Ten days of prayer and waiting passed, The promised blessing came at last, Pledged by the Christ to fill his place And ever tarry with the race.

THE SOUND.

A sound comes rushing on the ear; All in the room distinctly hear, As though awakening from a dream To realize the promised theme.

THE WIND.

The shaking of the rushing wind Fills all the house and every mind, As sways the forest, it hath swayed With holy fear, though not dismayed.

THE FIRE.

To light and warm the fiery flame On every head and heart there came. If there was doubt, it was consumed; If darkness, it was now illumed.

THE TONGUES.

In tongues to teach that all might hear The great salvation far and near, Till all the Gentile lands should know, And waves of grace the world o'erflow.

Endued with power, ye heralds, fly To all the lands, both far and nigh; "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord; Believe and teach his Holy Word.

Be every day a Pentecost, And thousands rescued from the lost To bless the Christ who hath forgiven, And swell the mighty hosts of heaven.

GOD'S LOVE

God's love to man through Christ was shown In all his acts below; In deeds of sympathy made known Wherever he did go.

The sick were healed, the lame did walk,
The blind were made to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk,
And devils made to flee.

Incarnate love in him behold,
Unmixed with selfish dross,
Pure as the floor of heaven the gold
Which gilded all the cross.

Fountain of love, oh, fill with love
To thee each waiting heart,
That we may be like saints above,
And praise to thee impart.

GALILEE OF TO-DAY

(1897.)

O restless Sea of Galilee!
Thou art the same to-day
As when He trod—the Son of God—
Thy waters, far away.

Ten cities sleep, but thou dost keep
All wakeful, as of old.
Each mighty throng their streets along,
Are but in story told.

Thy gorges deep, where winds did sweep, Pour down their floods as when The Man of Grief poured sweet relief Into the hearts of men. Thy caves around no more abound With legions which oppressed, When devils had such power mad, And human hearts possessed.

Jordan doth plow thy waters now, His seaward journey on, Through Ænon's town, which gained renown By the baptizer, John.

O Galilee! I turn to thee
In sadness and in joy,
To see the form, in calm and storm,
Who did our foes destroy.

Then shrink and swell and ever tell
Of Him who lived and died,
And rose on high, no more to die,
Jesus, the crucified.

While ruins rest around thy breast, I shall remember thee, And Him whose skill subdued my will When loud as Galilee.

ALONE WITH GOD

The mountain-tops were lit with flame, God had revealed his ire; The tribes afar, with fear and shame, Saw the devouring fire.

Moses is called to scale the mount, And is with God shut in; No mortal came so near the fount Who had been scathed by sin. Unconsciously, from the divine,
The glory lit his face,
Which like the dazzling sun did shine
When in his noontide race.

The tribes beneath the mountain quail, Such splendor to survey, Until he hides it with a veil, They turn their eyes away.

O God, we would commune with thee, Till, filled with light divine, The sinful world might clearly see Thy glory through us shine;

And their dark veil of sin be rent, His glory to behold, Whom God in his great mercy sent His goodness to unfold.

'T is through the veil, his flesh, that we May enter heaven at last,

And there the great forerunner see
Beyond the veil, when passed.

And there, beyond the reach of sin, With all the glorified, The eternal years with God begin, Forever satisfied.

THE BIRTHRIGHT

It was a right no estimate
Of human skill could calculate.
The firstborn in the days of old
Above his brethren was enrolled;
Preëminent as priest he stood,
To lead in all the ways of God.

Yet Esau, hungry from the chase, Sold to his brother this high place; For one full meal of pottage red His glory and his honor fled.
Reader, a lesson let this be:
A greater birthright thou than he, By Christ, the firstborn, guaranteed To all who will his precepts heed.
Oh, sell it not for sinful toys, Thy right to heaven and all its joys. Repentance soon will be too late, Canst thou afford a loss so great?
Methinks I hear thee answer, "No." Amen, amen! Let it be so!

THE BABE WEPT

It woke from its unconscious sleep; The beauty of its face was rare: Strange hands received it from the deep, The little ark of rushes there. Close to the shore of Egypt's Nile. Where the papyrus, waving, grew, Its mother, for a little while, In prayer and faith, in tears withdrew. Its death the king had planned of late: Its mother could no longer hide: A tear shall change its cruel fate. And the oppressed shall have a guide. The daughter of that heartless king. Moved by its cries and tears. Makes him her son, and soon will bring Into the court; with care she rears. The tear outweighs the monarch's wrath. Is mightier than his throne. Makes through the sea, at length, a path, And through the desert lone. It gave the mightiest man to earth.

Save the God-man, who only kept
The fiery law, by him sent forth,
Whose tears could quench, for "Jesus wept."
Sinner, thy penitential tears
Are greater in thy Savior's sight
Than all the wealth that ocean bears,
And all the spheres of might.
Salvation through them comes to thee,
The wealth of vast eternity.

HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL

(Isaiah 9:6.)

That name to all is wonderful,
It means the mighty God,
Who made all things. Himself doth dwell
Where'er his works are spread abroad.
The least we may not comprehend,
Our powers so weak, our minds so dull,
Yet while beholding may adore,
And thank and praise the Wonderful.

Salvation through Immanuel,
God dwelling in our clay, with us
Did over sin and death prevail.
But how, oh, how could it be thus?
No mortal tongue can ever tell;
Angels desired the plan to know;
The theme was all so wonderful,
None less than God can ever show.

If all so wonderful is here;
Amidst these earthly shadows dim,
What must it be when we appear
Above to gaze on wondrous Him,
Amidst the thrones and powers and all
Who in the golden city stand,
And at his footstool humbly fall,
Obedient to his command?

How wonderful if I am there!
'T will be a miracle of grace;
And joint with Christ, of God an heir
To all the things in boundless space,
As roll the mighty years of God,
The countless past to ever swell,
All in that glorious abode
With me will praise the Wonderful.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

(II. Samuel.)

He taught them to know the Song of the Bow, In the Book of Jasher recorded, The dirge they should sing of his son and the king Who fell on Gilboa, unguarded.

Of shields cast away, on that fatal day, While Philistia was hotly pursuing. Sad, sad was the fall of the house of King Saul, His kingdom forever a ruin.

Let dirges be made for him who arrayed In scarlet the matrons and daughters Of Israel, as fair as the lilies seen there, And pure as her fountains of waters.

For Jonathan, he whose love was for me Wonderful, passing all human, Strong as thy life, beyond that of wife, Thy sister, the weak, erring woman;

Like the eagle of prey, that hasteth away, Thy fleetness in strength like the lion. Oh, tell not in Gath the enemies' wrath, Which o'ertook thee by death in thy flying.

THE FIRST SABBATH

Creation's mighty work was done,
The universe unbounded—
The moon, and stars, and golden sun,
And earth with seas surrounded.

Man to his Eden had been led
By his all-wise Creator.
Fishes, and birds, and beasts their head
Obeyed, with knowledge greater.

The morning broke with golden light,
And showed the matchless beauty
Which gladden'd angels with delight
To there engage in duty.

Ten thousand times ten thousand songs
And harps went out in praises,
As mighty thunder which prolongs,
And all the heavens amazes.

No sin to mar the worship then,
For all were pure and holy;
Adam, the first of living men,
A stranger was to folly.

Alas! it was the only one
That knew no desecration;
From then till now, beneath the sun,
What horrid violation!

But there remains a rest above, Where sin can never enter, And all with God, who truly love, Shall find a peaceful center.

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

(Isaiah 11:6.)

(Composed for, and read on Children's Day at the United Brethren church at Findley Lake, New York, 1906.)

A little child—how weak, how strong, More potent in its sway

Than he who leads the martial throng

In battle's dread array.

It moves with eloquence more deep Than orator profound,

The multitudes that onward sweep
In all the busy round.

Its weakness, of the strong demands

Protection from the ills;

It stretches out its little hands, The heart of pity thrills.

Its ignorance for culture cries,

Instructors come to teach,

The blank to fill, and make it wise With knowledge in its reach.

Who planned the schools of church and state, That network of the free?

Those fanes of learning, small and great, Began with A. B. C.

The little child shall lead the man

From selfishness and ease,

For it to battle in the van, And not himself to please.

From all the heathen lands of earth

They make their sad appeal

To Christian lands,—and forth Help cometh for their weal.

'T was he, the teacher meek and mild, Called them to him and blessed.

The pattern was a little child For all who would find rest.

'T was children moved the Christ to die, When they were lost by sin, They touched the God that made the sky, Their tender hearts to win. Two worlds have felt the potent power. The earth and heaven above. Each for its garden hath its flower. And sunshine, which is love: And when transplanted to the skies. They draw our hearts away From earthly to the paradise In the fair land of day. God spare the children! May they grow In wisdom and in grace. The old must die, and these we know Must fill each vacant place; The halls of church, the halls of state, Of science, every mart. They soon must fill. How great, how great, O little child, thou art!

THE LAD WITH THE LOAVES AND FISHES

The fishes small were only two,

The barley loaves but five, and thin.

Ten thousand hungry ones in view,

Philip is puzzled what to do,

But Christ is there, and he will win.

But will the lad give up the store
His mother gave him on that day
He coasted the Tiberian shore?
The miles to traverse were a score
To where the lonely desert lay,

Which soon will blossom like the rose,
For He, the Christ, is there
In sympathy to heal the woes
Of all who faith in him repose
And cast on him their care.

Can he who them with knowledge fed,
Performed by miracles of grace,
Create by miracle the bread
By which their bodies may be fed
In such a lonely, desert place?

Give him thy basket, little lad,
And trust him—surely he will pay.
I see him giving all he had,
And hear some say, "It is too bad,
And he so faint at close of day."

Sit down, ye weary ones, and rest
Upon the grass, in order, ranks.
The loaves and fishes now are blessed.
Of each a full supply possessed,
And Christ deserveth all the thanks.

The lad who freely gave his all,
With more than it was satisfied;
The fragments which to him did fall
Were greater than his tribute small;
Let him to others be a guide.

When Christ requires, 't is best to give,
Though it may take the present store,
The all on which we have to live.
From him we surely shall receive
As we shall need abundance more.

O little lad, without a name,
Save that thy generous act did give,
With him, the Christ, thou shalt have fame.
Wherever goes his mighty name,
Thine, too, shall ever with his live.

Ye lads of this bright gospel day,
Come out this lovely Christ to see,
For he is passing now this way;
Good things to you he wants to say,
"Come, one and all, and work with me."

FIRST CALLED CHRISTIANS AT ANTIOCH

'T was in derision they were called "Christians," at Antioch.
Yet by this name they've been extolled,
Though mockers still do mock.

Though heathen rage and Jews despise The Christian's holy name, The first shall fall, the latter rise, And all the world enflame.

Though spoken with the deepest scorn,
The meaning is profound;
No fitter name for convert born—
In it what depths abound!

From thee first went at God's command, With holy zeal inspired, To carry truth to every land, The chosen he desired.

As Dagon bowed before the ark, So shall the idols fall, And all the lands with error dark The Christian's Christ extol.

Name above every name below, And every name in heaven! Eternity alone can show The value to it given.

O Christian, glory in that name By which you now are known, And never blush the blush of shame That Mighty One to own.

Sinner, this truth appeals to you:
If you would glory win,
Accept the name of Christian true,
Instead of that by sin.

DEATH OF JONATHAN

Oh, why should Jonathan be slain? Of kingly birth, without a stain, True to his country, sire, and God, In all the ways of right he trod. Heir to his father's regal throne, He gave his right to Jesse's son; Asked but a secondary place, And clemency toward his race. Such love as David had not known To him in tenderness was shown. Son of a king, his trappings rare He bade Goliath's slayer wear; In prime of manhood there he lies— Thy ways are deep, O God, and wise. Could years have made him better? No. They might have led to crime and woe. The son of Jesse will be king. And stains upon his honor bring. Prosperity hath many a snare, And evil lurketh everywhere. Thou hast escaped without a scar, And early closed with death thy war, Reaching a crown of life more great Than David's in his regal state. It was no loss, but gain to die, And be with David's God on high. Below he tuned to song his lyre. But thine above to angel choir. Purer the love he yieldeth there Than he could give when he was here; And when great David joins him there, With David's Lord their love they'll share. 'T is well to die when we have done Our work for God beneath the sun. That life is long which doth extend Until it answers life's great end.

THE THREAD OF SCARLET

(Joshua 2: 18-21.)

Six times in six successive days
The army had gone by;
The scarlet cord, before their gaze,
Hung in the window high.

Six trumpet blasts had sounded out; Six times the priests had borne Jehovah's ark the walls about, As he to them had shown.

Six times six hundred thousand spears
And swords and arrows gleamed,
And still the scarlet cord appears
As though the life-blood streamed.

It was a token known to all,

A sacred pledge that they
Within that dwelling on the wall
Should live in the doomed day.

Retiring to their camps six times,
With banners furled at night,
The sun upon the city shines
Its last in golden light.

Six times around the tow'ring walls
The trampling footmen pour,
Upon the day of doom, when falls
This city famed of yore.

One circuit more, the trumpets blow A short, tumultuous sound, And all the walls of Jericho Come tumbling to the ground.

Oh, fearful was the slaughter then,
As streets ran red with blood,
And all were slain of beasts and men,
For so commanded God.

All but those dwelling on the wall,
Where hung the scarlet thread,
Did with the accursed city fall,
But here no one was dead.

Rahab believed, and showed her faith
By hanging out the cord,
And thus her house was saved from death,
By order of the Lord.

The race was doomed by justice stern, For man's great Eden crime, In penal fire his soul must burn, For such was wrath divine.

The lightnings tremble on the cloud, And thunders mutter low, The darkness gathers to enshroud The world in dreadful woe.

As trump was sounding out my doom, 'T was then creation's Lord, To rescue cried, "I come, I come!" This was the scarlet cord

Which justice saw and passed me by, And all who do believe Shall live with Him who came to die, As Rahab's house did live.

LET HER DRIVE

(Acts 27:15.)

The south wind gently blew
Close by the shore of Crete,
And hope inspired the crew
That safety was complete.

Alas! 't was a transient hope; Euroclydon was nigh, The waves, with fearful scope, Are mountains to the sky.

The bark, beyond control,

They leave with storms to strive,
Upon the billows wild to roll,

For they must let her drive.

So Christian mariners below, Upon life's fitful sea, In quiet when the soft winds blow Sail calmly by the sea.

Anon great storms do sweep,
Each billow mountain rolls,
The helm no hand can keep
Save His, who sea controls.

Then what can mortals do?

It seems in vain to strive
To guide the billows through,
So they must let her drive.

The God that ruled the sea,
And brought them safe to shore,
Will sure our pilot be,
And bring us safely o'er.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

THE END OF TIME

Behold, with clouds he cometh now
Who once went up on high;
The heavens do with his presence bow,
With shouts the angels fly.

While all the wicked of the earth, Who spurned his proffered grace, Shall tremble as he cometh forth, And seek a hiding-place.

I hear the blast, and millions pour From Hades and the grave; The ocean rolls her dead to shore On every billowy wave.

While spirits filling all the air, On lightning wings have come, Both good and evil, everywhere, To guide their bodies home.

The living, changed, arise to meet Where all must congregate, Before the final judgment-seat, Their sentence to await. The throne is set, the Judge is there,
The Ancient of eternal days,
White as the fleecy wool his hair,
His robe a sapphire blaze.

Ten thousand times ten thousand stand Before his fiery throne, From every clime on either hand, As destiny makes known.

The books are brought and opened now, Which will the lives unfold Of all from Adam, and will show As they have been enrolled.

The Book of Life the names will know Of all enrolled in heaven Whose faith in Christ on earth did show Their sins had been forgiven.

The mighty war is ended now
With Satan and with sin,
The wicked to the realm below,
The good with Christ shut in.

I hear the roar, I see the blaze,
The heavens are all on fire;
It means the end of all the days,
For time must now expire.

IIis locks are gray with years and care,As age on age has rolledAmidst the scenes of peace and war,Since the first days of old.

Two riders from their steeds do fall, Forever yield their breath, Which had dominion over all— Time and his brother, Death.

EASTER POEM

("Death is swallowed up in victory.")

When Satan from an angel bright Became a devil grim,

Hurled by Jehovah from his height, With flaming seraphim,—

Then went he forth in fury great To war against the Son,

And swore to him eternal hate, For fancied wrongs he'd done.

Up from the burning coast he soared, To find the new-made pair,

And falsehood in their minds he poured
Against their Maker's care.

With sin and death affinity He formed to aid his plan,

And this infernal trinity

Was leagued to ruin man. They havoc made of Eden fair,

And strewed the earth with bones,

Spreading destruction everywhere, With sighs and tears and groans.

Then the God-man went out to fight Against the evil three:

Smiting them in their daring might, He set the captives free.

In Juda's wilds for forty days
With the satanic foe

He fought, repulsed in all his ways, And dealt the mortal blow.

Sin met he 'neath the olive-trees, And on the dreadful cross

He paid in blood and agonies Stern justice for his loss.

He grappled death in Joseph's tomb, And tore his sting away,

A presage of the time to come— The final judgment day.

The trumpet-blast, both loud and shrill,

By Gabriel hath been made, And sea and mountain, vale and hill Have given up their dead. In serried ranks I see them stand Before the great white throne. The countless throngs from every land Through all the ages known. And Death is there, a vanguished foe, The last of all the train, His power is gone, who laid them low, Behold, they live again! Where is thy victory now, O king. Terrific in thy day, Who to the dust didst heroes bring. And all their armies slay. Who cities desolate didst make. And great armadas sweep, By winged winds and waves to break And swallow in the deep. But two of all the tribes abroad Escaped thy missiles dire; Enoch, the first, went off with God. Elijah went in fire. Eternal hunger seizes now The ravenous that fed On all who did before him bow, Now rising from the dead. His scepter falls, his reign is o'er, Man's ever-lurking foe, He dies to-day to live no more, The Christ proclaims it so.

THANKSGIVING (1903)

The Pilgrims offered thanks to Thee, On stern New England's shore, Who brought them safely o'er the sea, When winds and waves did roar. From then till now each year hath shown Thy goodness in its track; Seedtime and harvest have been known, And there has been no lack.

The latest of the years thus far
Hath spread its bounteous store,
And peace has reigned instead of war
The mighty nation o'er.

Help us with gratitude to own
Thy goodness unto us;
Among the nations surely none
Seem to be favored thus.

Protect us still, O God of grace,
As years may come and go,
And with the increase of our race
Let needed blessings flow.

PERSONAL THANKSGIVING (1905)

Eighty years I have been living. This glad day should thanks be given. Eighty times I've left the station. Passing many a constellation, Making time with great precision; Never coming in collision With a comet or a planet, For the Engineer that ran it Built the car and gave it motion Through the great aerial ocean. Riding through this realm of wonder. All above me, and all under. God, mysterious in his power. Blessings gives in many a shower: Many sunny days of gladness. Many shaded, too, by sadness,

All in mercy, all in kindness.
Oh, forgive me, Lord, 't was blindness
Led me sometimes to complaining,
When the showers of grace were raining.
Should this year close my probation,
Changing trains at any station,
Great Conductor, tickets giving,
Please transfer to train for heaven.

THE YEAR 1899

In state the old year is to-day, To give the world the last survey; The multitudes of different kinds Were exercised with different minds.

Some wept because of loss sustained, Others rejoiced at what they'd gained; Losses of friends and fortune, too, And perils which they had passed through.

The nations weep, for men of might In halls of learning, and in fight On battle-fields, in church and state, Who can compute these losses great?

And character have many lost Who on the sea of crime were tossed And swept in darkness to that shore From whence they will return no more.

The books of judgment will reveal, When opened, all the woe and weal Of this and every other year Since mortals did on earth appear.

THANKSGIVING (1906)

We give Thee thanks for every day In the brief year now passed away; Each hath been crowned with blessings great, Which God alone can estimate. As grew on Lebanon of old, These goodly cedars we behold; Like Elim's palms and sparkling wells, Each unto us its blessing tells. The burning sands which we have passed, The stemming of the windy blast, Have shown to us abounding grace, And in the storm a hiding-place. Another year of trials past, The future all on thee we cast. Many on earth, who God obey, Will spend their next Thanksgiving day In heaven, with all the glorified, And with them evermore abide. We thank thee for the promised rest, The mansion for the truly blest; May they inspire to greater zeal In Christian work for human weal, In bringing many souls to thee, With us to spend eternity.

CHRISTMAS (1905)

The hands upon the dial-plate,
Which told the flight of ages great,
Had reached the destined place;
Morn rings in heaven the mighty bell,
The shining ranks the news to tell,
And all of Adam's race,
That He was born, the long foretold
In Eden days, of mortal mold,
In lowly Bethlehem.
Commissioned, from the throne they fly,

All lit with glory from on high. Each like a radiant gem. The shepherds watch their flocks by night. A flood of splendor on their sight Alarms with holy fear. But soon their tremors are allayed. A voice chimes forth: "Be not afraid. I bring you news of cheer: Good tidings of great joy I bring, In Bethlehem behold your King And Savior, Christ the Lord, In swaddling bands, his manger-bed Is where the beasts of burden fed. The best earth can afford. Good will to men and peace on earth Shall issue from his humble birth. As roll the centuries on His kingdom shall be great, and he Shall rule all lands, from sea to sea, From rise to set of sun."

CHRISTMAS (1899)

Darkness was over hill and plain
Where shepherds kept their sheep,
Like Jesse's son, when Saul did reign,
Who fed and did in safety keep.
Silence profound her scepter swayed,
Their eyes for sleep their curtains drew,
When suddenly they wake—afraid
Of what appears before their view.

A dazzling light drives darkness back, Such light they never saw before; It left in space above its track, And heaven and earth spread o'er. Amidst the light they see a form, Whiter than fleecy snow, With garments floating like a storm When foam-clad billows flow. And now a voice their tremblings stills,
All musical it softly said,
In language which their bosoms thrills,
"Fear not, nor be dismayed,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring;
For there is born this day,
In Bethlehem, your Christ and King,
Of universal sway."

And now a multitude they hear
Descending from above,
Singing a song which on their ear
Vibrates with truth and love.
"Peace upon earth," the strains go out,
Good will to all the race,
Let hills and plains and valleys shout,
Give to the Lord his place."

AMONG THE YEARS

New Year's Poem (1898)

Among the years of the mighty past,
Which have swept the zodiac,
No one hath a greater luster cast
In its circling solar track.
Primeval years of Azoic time
May talk of their wonders then,
The reptile age and the mammal climb
To reach the grand age of men.

'T was a wondrous year the race was born
Of God and its mother earth,
When the angel bands, the sons of morn,
Gave a concert at its birth.
When a promise gleamed through the future years
Of a Mighty One to save,
And turn into joy the contrite's tears,
With hope's rainbow o'er his grave.

Sad was the year when the pall of death
O'er a wicked world was flung,
And there perished all of mortal breath,
Save the house of Lamech's son.
When Death sat grim on the billowy grave,
And only sighed that he
Was not sole master of the wave,
And some survived the sea.

In the after years stood Abraham,
Of the old Chaldean line;
Jehovah calls, like the stately palm,
A nation's head to stand,
Through which the Messiah could be traced
Forward, backward through the years,
That all whose faith did him embrace
Might smile in hope through tears.

On and on the years go circling by;
Prophets, kings successive rise,
Till He, long promised, from on high
Is seen by the magi wise;
And the lowly shepherds of the plain,
While watching their flocks by night,
Behold the God-child in manger lain,
As the nations' rising light.

A tragic year when he paid the debt
Of the old Adamic time,
And the stern demand of justice met
For the lost of every clime.
The years fly on, and the ages past
Each doth unto each unfold;
The rude stone, the iron and the brass,
With the silver and the gold.

But the grandest era is the now,
The luminous and the fast,
Let her predecessors to her bow
And their garlands on her cast.

Sure her latter days are far the best, Even the year just passing by, Though stormy a while, she sinks to rest 'Neath golden clouds to die.

The hurricane of the war is stilled,
Freedom and peace again are bought,
And the nations stand with wonder thrilled,
Beholding what God hath wrought
By miracle on the land and sea,
As the stars for Barak stood,
When he Jabin fought, and Sisera,
Where rolled the old Kishon's flood.

'T is the year that fully healed the breach
Made in the rebellious days,
Which brothers reconciled to each,
To the Union's worthy praise.
'T is the year that hath connected strong
Mother England with her child;
Each forgetting every former wrong,
Now with ecstasy seems wild.

Mother England, we give thanks to thee,
Let not the Atlantic part,
But we clasp our hands across the sea,
While our hearts meet heart to heart.
May our somber children of the isles,
Begotten midst the strife,
Be happy where their own sunshine smiles,
Until all matured in life.

Now let loud doxologies of praise
Go out to the upper skies,
To God, mysterious in his ways,
The great and good, just and wise.

THE GREATEST HERO OF THE AGES

An Easter Poem

The moon, full orbed, was shining bright Upon a garden rich in flowers,
And trees, and shrubbery, a delight
To captivate and feast the powers.

The dew in beads of silver hung
On all the foliage within;
The birds of morn, the trees among,
Awoke the silence of the scene.

This garden did a rich man own,
Whose mansion was not far away,
Where fountains flashed and vase of stone
Received the showers of falling spray.

But just beyond these scenes so fair
Rose a huge rock of marble white,
And in that rock a sepulcher
Had late been hewn by skill and might.

Three days had passed since a sad train Had borne a mangled, lifeless form, Which ruthless soldiery had slain, To quell a nation's angry storm.

Who was the victim? It was He
That claimed divine and human birth—
God in our lost humanity,
Who came from heaven to rescue earth.

For more than thirty years he stayed; From place to place, in doing good, He went about, and often said, For sin he must pour out his blood. At last he is accused and slain; Upon a rugged cross he died. But he had said he'd rise again In three brief days, though crucified.

But they who nailed him to the tree
Denied his power, though often shown,
O'er death to gain the victory,
Nor would him as Messiah own.

The stone is sealed by their command, And sixty soldiers guard the place; The third morning is at hand, The slain will soon reveal his face.

'T is an auspicious moment now,
Death reigns in silence in the tomb.
Angels in wonder meekly bow,
And wait the mystery to come.

But, hark! a trumpet blast is heard,
Through all the upper heav'ns it went,
And now an angel of the Lord
Toward the earth his way hath bent.

The lightnings from his visage play,
The earthquake tells his footstep's tread;
He rolls the mighty stone away,
The frightened keepers fall as dead.

Now he within the tomb awakes;
Death struggles with his victim there;
But lo, the bars and doors he breaks,
And leaves an open sepulcher.

Victorious, he overcame

Him who hath conquered all the race
From Eden days, of every name,
In every clime and every place.

That victory was won for me;
Because he rose, I'll surely rise,
And death forever vanquished be,
No more to enter paradise.

He took to heaven the form he wed,
And all the ransomed ones shall there
Behold in him, who for them bled,
The glorious bodies they shall wear.

"Oh, glorious triumph! Victory!"
Shall all the ransomed ever sing.
And all the praise ascribe to thee,
Hero of earth and heaven—their King.

THE GREATEST DAY

Easter Poem (1897)

Oh, great commemorative day!
Where have the ages shown
Thine equal? In the far away
Thy peer hath not been known.

No, not the day that, crowned complete, Ten thousand worlds of light, When angels did commemorate With songs and shouts of might.

Nor Sinai, though awful, grand,
Which once Jehovah trod,
When there leaped forth from his right hand
The fiery law of God.

'T was a great day that marked the birth— When shepherds found the child Long promised to redeem the earth, And glad the desert wild. Mighty the day, with sin and shame
And anguish which he bore,
When vengeance, with his sword of flame,
Was bathed in his life gore.

When day, at noon, was turned to night, And earth was seized with pain, And solid rocks burst at the sight Of him our sins had slain.

The day that ended with the tomb,
And friends who placed him there
With blasted hopes, away in gloom
They leave the sepulcher.

Three days have passed, the eastern skies Scarce flushed with rosy light, When from the throne an angel flies, Earth shakes, and men of might.

Death trembles, and the rocky tomb,
The stone retires away;
The dead one, in immortal bloom,
Marks this the greatest day.

Great as a conqueror he appears,
Satan and sin and death,
Like ruins scattered down the years,
Mark his triumphal path.

The debt is paid by man incurred,
Prison doors are open wide;
The gates of heaven are all unbarred,
And flows salvation wide.

The glorious morn is hastening on,
When all the good shall rise
And go where the Great Victor's gone—
In triumph to the skies.

TEMPERANCE

THE DEN OF SNAKES

A Political Poem

Once on a time, midst haunts of men. Some pois'nous snakes had made their den. Their bite was fatal every day To some one passing on that way. Many had by the virus died. And there was mourning far and wide. These snakes, so venomous to kill. Depict the offspring of the still. "What shall we do?" the people say, "This work of pain and death to stay?" One, Moral Suasion, then arose And said, "My friends, I now propose That we should treat the serpents fair. And kindly ask them to beware. Warning our neighbors who go out To always shun the dangerous route." Now this advice seemed very kind To snakes and people, but we find The biting did not cease at all. Another council now they call. When Local Option, mightiest man, Presented his deep-studied plan: "Let us go out all armed in mail, And take each serpent by the tail, Imprison in a hogshead brown, And carry to a distant town." 'T was done, but short-lived was their rest; They flee their prison and molest, Biting and dving as before, The death-rate gaining more and more. Fully aroused. Low License cries: "Follow the plan which I devise;

Prison the snakes as they have been, But put the other head firm in; Then make a hundred holes for air; I think they'll stay contented there." But, being snakes, they all crawled out, Their former business went about. Again the mourners throng the street, With serpents crawling at their feet. The news goes out, both far and wide, What can be done to check the tide Of snakes increasing, and the bite? The wise one comes, hailed with delight, High License is the wondrous name Posterity shall crown with fame. "Plug fifty holes in the great cask, And twice the amount of license ask." But, strange to say, in a little time All were escaped and in their clime, Such havoc making here and there As filled the land with dark despair. High License this great blunder makes, And leaves the country full of snakes. Now Prohibition speaks, "My friends, give ear, For you are now prepared to hear. While snakes go free they'll bite and kill: All snakes are gendered by the still. Destroy the still, and snakes will die, And with it license, low and high. One mighty storm of votes will tell And drive it to its native hell."

THE CURSE OF ALL CURSES

Curse of all curses since the fall, What curse hath blighted more? In wretchedness exceeding all Sin's upas ever bore. Talk of red war along the years, And all the wreck it's made, Rivers of blood, rivers of tears, As on the centuries sped.

Talk of gaunt Famine's stealthy tread,
Where fields are desolate,
Of multitudes who died for bread—
This is a sorrow great.

Talk of the pestilence at noon,

The plague that wastes by night,

Of silence where the crowd had gone—

How terrible the sight!

Talk of the slave in fetters bound, Of unrequited toil, The deadly baying of the hound While reaching freedom's soil.

There is a slavery worse than this, More galling is the chain. You ask, astonished, where it is; It is in Rum's domain.

There is a tyrant greater far Than ever bought and sold, Or desolated man by war Since the first years of old.

He robs the body and the soul,
And reason doth dethrone
By holding out the accursed bowl
For wealth and power alone.

This tyrant murders by the law,
And pays the guilty price,
The deadly weapon thus to draw,
And kills his victim twice.

Great God, arise, how long, how long Shall the oppressor reign? Marshal thy hosts, for right is strong, The tyrant must be slain.

Come round the royal flag which floats, Your weapons wield in might, Your faith, your prayers, and sterling votes Shall conquer in the fight.

THE FEAST OF RUMSHAZZAR

(See Daniel 5.)

Like that of Belshazzar,
The banquet was rare;
The lords and their ladies,
Assembled, were there.
Great Alco, was king,
The world felt his sway,
Like the monarch of old
In his royal array.

"O king, live forever,"
The multitudes cry,
"Let thine enemies perish,
But thou shalt not die;
Thy conquests shall be
As the ages go past,
Thy throne and thy kingdom
Forever shall last."

They drained to the bottom
Their goblets of wine,
And sang loud their praises
Who culture the vine,
And all the distillers
From time's early morn,
With all the past venders,
And those to be born.

In the midst of their mirth,
They grew suddenly pale;
Then looked at Rumshazzar,
And uttered a wail.
Behold, on the plast'ring
The part of a hand
Was tracing a language
They did not understand.

They called for a seer
To interpret the same,
And soon the bold Daniel,
Prohibitionist, came.
He told of the ruin
The tyrant had made,
From the days of Noah,
Astray by him led.

And all down the ages,
In each land and clime,
Of kings and their subjects
Polluted by crime.
He told of the widows
Along down the years,
And orphans who poured out,
Like raindrops, their tears.

Of hunger, and sickness,
And every woe
Which follows the traffic
Where'er it doth go.
"Though thou knewest all this,
Thou didst not relent,
O tyrant, on evil
More defiantly went.

"Thy kingdom shall perish,
Thy subjects shall fly,
As the clouds by the tempests
Sweep over the sky.

As the Medes and Persians
The Chaldeans o'erthrew,
The monarch, Belshazzar,
Indignantly slew,
So shall the two armies
Of brave women and men,
In battle united,
Overthrow thee as then.

"Trust not in thine allies,
Though strong they appear,
For God shall confound who
Their tauntings doth hear.
Trust not in thy towers,
Gates brazen, or walls,
The forces are mighty,
And, God hearing their calls,
Their praying and voting
In wedlock unite.

"As crashing of pitchers
And flashings of light,
When the sword of the Lord
And of Gideon slew,
Till their foes disappeared,
So shall it be with you."

WHAT IT TURNS OUT

I passed through the city and country about,
In a business survey of what they turn out.
The farmer turns out rich pasture and grain,
His flocks, herds, and family well to maintain.
There was health, peace, and comfort on every side
For himself and for all who upon him relied.
I surveyed the great waters, which the mighty ships bore,
Rich laden with commerce from every shore,
And I said to myself, "The business is good,

Yielding comfort and wealth, as all business should." Then I saw a great business—greater than all— In vending, distilling, and selling. The call For the beverage which such multitudes gave Led me to consider the subject quite grave. I will watch the experiment tried on a son. And behold a bright boy who of late had begun. It robbed him of innocence, purity, fame, And left him a victim to madness and shame. Left the mother that bore him distracted and wild. At the terrible wreck of her fondly-loved child. I next see a husband from the altar but late. His vows are all broken, though sacred and great. The heart of his wife is all crushed by his ways. And the pall of the night hangeth over her days: There's a blight like the mildew on everything. That comes in the wake of this terrible king. All happiness dies and hope disappears. The wreck and the ruin, along the past years, Like the deserts of earth, where no beauty is seen. No floweret or tree, and no herbage of green; The jail, and the prison, and gallows displayed. Are fruits but in part of the terrible trade. It robs of all manhood, of body and soul, The mighty brings down by its wily control. The statesman, divine, and poet lie low When touched by the spell of the treacherous foe. The valleys are filled by the bones of the slain, They bleach on the mountain, the hill, and the plain. There are whirlwinds of sighs and rivers of tears, Which come dashing and sweeping along down the years. Shall a business be countenanced thus to destroy, That nabobs may live by the dreadful employ? Shall this Moloch continue its victims to slay? Will you throw in its arms your loved ones each day, And drown their wild cries for the love of the gain Which comes by the blood and the wreck of the slain? O God, to the rescue! Arise in thy might And marshal thy hosts for the victory of right.

GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS

"Great is Diana!" so they cried,
The surging, mingling throng,
As spread the news, on every side,
Of an imagined wrong.

'T was in great Ephesus of old,
Where the famed temple stood
For six score years. Marble and gold,
Cedar and cypress wood

Were fashioned by a skillful hand. Proudly the columns rose, Each from a prince in foreign land, In beautiful repose.

From Jupiter the goddess came, The mighty huntress, she Diana called, of wondrous fame, This was her home to be.

From every land came devotees, Her glory to survey. Her silver fanes and images To bear with them away.

Great wealth is to the craftsmen brought, By such a mighty trade; The fear that it would come to naught Has this great tumult made.

Their fears have all been realized

Long centuries ago,
The world's great "wonder" ruined lies,
No one its site doth know.

But the Diana-spirit lives,
With all her craftsmen vile,
And their accursed business gives
Deep wretchedness the while.

O thou accursed traffic, Rum!
Thy temple proudly rears
Her brazen front, whose victims come
From every land, through all the years.

Their noblest gifts are brought to thee, And ruin, in return, Their lasting heritage must be, Unless they wisdom learn.

When Prohibition raises high
Her voice against the trade,
The craftsmen raise the hue and cry,
"By this our wealth is made."

"Great is Diana!" through the sky, Like thunders deep, is heard, And politicians make reply By echoing every word.

"Great is Diana!" from the still,
From low and high saloon,
And all who drink the accursed swill
At evening, morn, and noon.

If right is right and God is just, And this we surely know, In his own time and way, he must This temple overthrow.

GOLD BUGS, SILVER BUGS, PROHIBITION A Political Poem (1896)

There was a dreamer in days of old, Who dreamed of an image, silver and gold, Of brass, and of iron, and miry clay, Which arose, and fell, and passed away. The gold was good, and the silver, too, The iron and brass at their value true, But the miry clay the mischief wrought, And the mighty giant down it brought.

So error, amongst the nations great, In time will make them desolate. Chaldea, though in her golden pride, With the silver Medo-Persian died, While the brazen Greek went down as well, And at last the iron Roman fell. God's eternal truth alone can stand; This is the solid rock—the other sand.

APPLICATION.

My country! let the past make known The mighty price which did atone For wrongs committed on a race In bondage held—oh, black disgrace! How many precious lives it cost! How much of gold and silver lost! The nation lived, but thousands died Ere justice could be satisfied.

A score of years and ten have passed. A mightier wrong its blight doth cast On high and low, on wealth and fame, Which brings to poverty and shame. The nation groans, the mighty throes Of drunkenness, with all its woes, Are shaking to the center great The very vitals of the state.

Can paltry gold and silver ore
The quiet to our land restore,
While floods of liquor are, for gain,
Poured in, and millions by them slain?
Can gold and silver rescue son
And father who have been undone?
And women restoration give
For husbands worse than dead who live?

Can gold buy intellect destroyed, Or silver fill the senseless void? What is our country's greatest need? Intelligence, instead of greed. Sobriety and moral worth, Greater than all the wealth of earth. Let these be first, then gold will come By industry, and bless the home.

This nation has the power at hand To banish liquors from the land. The Christian voters of to-day At once this mighty tide could stay. O God! why won't they use their power In this, the dark and fearful hour? Are party love and love of gain More precious than the souls of men? For shame! O Christian man, for shame! Whose piety is but in name.

THE DEADLY FOE

How long, great God, how long
Shall trampled justice sleep,
And right before the face of wrong
Her tears of anguish weep?
How many millions more must fall
Before the people see
Their country in its dreadful thrall
And strike for liberty?

In days of old our fathers fought
With Briton, and prevailed;
The boon of freedom, dearly bought,
With ecstasies was hailed.
And yet, while from that nation freed,
A germ within was found,
And from the small, obnoxious seed
Sad harvest did abound.

And millions, for a hundred years,
Our country gave the lie,
Till God arose, 'midst blood and tears,
And bade the monster die.

To-day, O God, we are oppressed By an internal foe More terrible than all the rest Our land did ever know.

'T is drink, intoxicating drink,
The bane of every race,
Before whom wealth and manhood sink,
While crime, with rapid pace,
And wretchedness of deepest dye
Flow swiftly with the train,
The tear, the groan, the bitter sigh
For all, once noble, slain.

When shall this war on manhood cease?

A few demand its stay,
And ask an honorable peace,
But stronger powers say, "Nay."
Great God! what do the people mean
By trampling down the right?
Thy people help to view the scene,
And then the monster fight.

IF SATAN HAD QUILLS

If Satan had quills in his wings, as he flies,
And one could be had for a pen,
Dipped in brimstone and fire his region supplies,
Could it write all the misery which men
Must endure from the flow of the terrible cup,
Delusive, bewild'ring, to kill,
As it drinketh the life and intellect up,
And damneth the soul as it will?

Could it write all the woes of the drunkard's sad wife, Of his children in poverty's vale, Of the miseries entailed through the journey of life? Methinks it would utterly fail. Though Satan delights in the havor of souls, He can but despise in his heart The vender and seller, and those at the polls Who, for gain, will out-devil his art.

"THE WHITE WOMAN'S BURDEN" A Temperance Poem (1899)

(Suggested by Kipling's poem, "The White Man's Burden.")

White woman, take your burden,
The mighty woes of drink,
And pray for grace to bear it,
Or 'neath the load you'll sink.
The savage can be tutored,
Though like the devils wild,
When accursed drink is banished,
By which he is defiled.

White woman, take your burden,
Nor care for jest or frown;
The world is looking at you,
And heaven is looking down.
Your work is truly noble,
Humanity to raise,
Though those for whom you labor
May curse instead of praise.

White woman, take your burden;
It is the nation's crime,
For simple greed that's cursing
The strong man in his prime,
And boyhood's rising morning,
And filling hearts with woe
That never drank the poison,
And yet its curses know.

White woman, take your burden; Though you have borne it long, The bearing it with patience Is making you more strong. Cease not your prayers and pleadings Until you are redressed; Think how your ancient sister The "unjust judge" distressed.

White woman, take your burden,
And toil with heart and hand;
The weal of this great nation,
And every other land,
Rests largely on your efforts.
As mother, tutor, guide,
Your work is great and pressing,
Your field exceeding wide.

White woman, take your burden;
And may the vantage-ground
Shortly to you be given
That's in the ballot found.
By this your foes have triumphed,
And by this you shall win,
And save our land from ruin,
That's floodlike coming in.

White woman, take your burden,
As Deborah did of old,
When Barak feared the banner
Which Jabin did unfold.
Like Esther, "to the kingdom
For such a time as this,"
God calls you to the conflict
Because the cause is his.

White woman, take your burden All good men with you share, God give you grace and courage, Till ended is the war. For right will surely triumph, Although she waiteth long, And they that bear the burdens Shall share in Miriam's song.

SHADES OF HUMOR

FLIES IN FLY TIME

Talk of winter, storm, and chill, With snow and ice and tempest thrill; Of blizzards armed with sleet and hail— These are but tame to the assail Of flies in fly time.

You meet the storms as you would meet A foe in battle, and defeat,
Or as a captive you comply,
But so you cannot meet a fly—
Small fly in fly time.

You brush your face and brush each ear, But in a moment they appear, And seem more fiercely to assail, In vain such contest to prevail O'er them in fly time.

Have you a bruise of any kind Exposed, they very soon will find; Frenzied with pain, you often say, Not always in the mildest way, "I hate this fly time!"

If brutes could speak, the same they'd tell, And they do speak, perhaps as well, By switch, and rub, and stamp, and bite, Indignant with the parasite—

The fly in fly time.

Methinks I hear the war horse say, "I'd rather meet in fierce array With armies on the battlefield Than this vexatious foe concealed—

These flies in fly time."

Bandage with care, cheesemongers all, Lest midgets through the muslin crawl, And people the rich curd with things Which, when matured, are clad with wings— The pests in fly time.

Cold storage let the butcher make, And caution, too, the buyer take, Lest it again should come to life, To vex the kitchen-maid or wife By flies in fly time.

While I am writing, see one crawl Before my pen, the word to soil; If such vexations are endured, 'T will be by patience thus secured, By flies in fly time.

TWO EX-PRESIDING ELDERS

Two preachers left a hamlet small Late in the day, late in the fall; One in his prime, and one was old, And thin, and gray, and felt the cold. Two steeds they had, diff'ring in years Like those who rode; and it appears, The younger being true and strong, Must pull the vehicle along; The weak and old was hitched behind, At halter-pulling was inclined, As wife and husband sometimes pull, Which made the getting on quite dull.

A score of miles must be the race Before they reached the destined place. Much time was lost, and night came on When half the distance scarce was gone. They faced the wind and faced the rain; Though cold and wet, did not complain. They drove by faith and not by sight, Except when lightning gave them light. Slowly the miles behind them speed, All now depends upon the steed: Has he intelligence to know. Unguided, the right way to go? The lightning's flash again reveals The ditch, and close to it the wheels. Discretion says, "Obtain a light," And one is gleaming to the right. Alights the younger of the twain, And guided by the windowpane. Reaches the door of humble cot. Admittance seeks, but he is not Allowed to enter through the door Till reasons like the torrents pour. A timid woman opes it wide, Four little children by her side. From town her husband has not come: Each moment she expects him home. She kindly takes the strangers in, Her confidence they slowly win. He does not come—an hour has sped, His cattle in the storm unfed. The younger of the strangers two Kindly offers this to do. He milks the cow, and fourteen head Are duly housed and duly fed. Supper is served, and they retire, In alcove near the cheerful fire. The lady, with her children four, Had passed within their bed-room door. The clock strikes twelve, a rap is heard, And then comes the familiar word;
"Edith, open the door," he said.
The strangers wake, turn up the light,
Explain. He says, "All right."
The morning breaks, they haste away,
When they have offered ample pay,
Which is refused. Their thanks they leave,
And say they verily believe
The chores performed the previous night
Had much to do in making right.
They reached the destined place at last,
With Rev. Ed then broke their fast.

A GOOD WIFE

"Now, a good wife," says Thomas Gray,
"Like three things should be,"
Which she should not be like, in every way,
As you shall shortly see.

First, like a snail, in her own house to stay, Lest it should order lack; But not like it, when on the way, Carry all on her back.

Next, like an echo she should be,
To speak when spoken to;
Not like an echo, as you see,
To have the last word when through.

Thirdly, like the town clock, to keep Good time for far and near; But not like it, so loud to speak That all the town might hear.

Whether Thomas was right or wrong,
Women will have their say,
And men had better pass along,
And keep out of their way.

Suppose we ask of Mrs. Gray
What Thomas ought to be;
I think that she would quickly say
His faults were more than three.

Absence from home with no excuse, And hours of gossiping, Beer, whisky, and tobacco juice Will balance everything.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

There are times to speak and to refrain, Times to reprove and times to complain; Times when, whether in palace or hut, 'T would be better to keep your mouth shut.

When your neighbor attacks with abuse, You feel angry; but what is the use? Until he shall get over his pet, 'T will be better to keep your mouth shut.

Mrs. Tattler has come with the news— Bad reports from the Gentiles or Jews— Offer no comment, no "if" or "but," For the present just keep your mouth shut.

Thinking of plans which are not mature, Move slowly until you feel secure; That you fall not into the old rut, It would be well to keep your mouth shut.

Think twice or more before you speak once, And you may escape the title "dunce." That afterward you might not regret For the time that you kept your mouth shut.

Wife's out of humor—Sal is the same; If you would not your foolishness blame, Don't call her a satan or a slut, Grin and bear it, but keep your mouth shut.

THE MESNE BETWEEN THE EXTREMES

Diogenes lived in a tub,

The cynic of his time,
While Alexander was the "hub"
Of every land and clime.

The latter, hearing of the fame Of this philosopher, Approached, inquiring of the same What favor to confer.

"Oh, nothing," said the cynic bland,
"Save as you hide my light;
You will be pleased at once to stand
Out of my sunshine, bright."

Then said the son of Philip, when Such bold content he sees, "Were I not Alexander, then I'd be Diogenes.

"Where I to choose, 't would be between
The tub life and the throne.
I'd like enough to live at ease,
And a good mansion own."

A HOLE IN THE POCKET

"Yes, that's the worstest thing," says Joe,
"A boy can have, I think.
I hope that mother will think so
Before my toys all sink.

"I had a set of marbles gray,
To use on the playground;
I went to take them out one day,
But they could not be found.

"My jackknife, too, had disappeared, Which almost made me cry; It was a gift from Uncle Beard, And that's the reason why.

"And lots and lots of things I lost
Before I knew who stole,
And then I knew how much it cost
To feed a pocket hole."

I said, "That boy was surely right, But will it not apply To men and women, black and white?" "Oh, yes, it will," said I.

"To all who chew, and smoke, and drink,
And time and money spend,
Till thus, by littles, all they sink,
Which answers no good end.

"Oh, stop that hole without delay, Your time and means employ; For sure there is a better way For man, girl, woman, boy."

"DARN A FLY, I HATE A FLY!"

"Darn a fly, I hate a fly!"
Josh Billings said, and so say I;
And I will give the reason why.

Through all the days from June to fall, They are a pest to one and all, And sometimes really appall.

Think, in the cream-mug there may be One or two, and sometimes three; In coffee oft, and in your tea.

And sometimes fried up in your meat, With other things you have to eat, Which brings on nausea complete.

You take the paper to peruse The home-made and the foreign news, But they perplex you and confuse.

You think you'll take a quiet nap; Unless your face in gauze you wrap, Of all your comfort they will sap.

You screen the doors, and windows, too, But some will manage to get through, And crawl, and bite, and bother you.

No wonder, then, with Josh, you cry, As they your patience sorely try, "Darn a fly, I hate a fly!"

WHEN MOTHER WAS YOUNG

(A Contrast.)

I remember the days when my mother was young, When I was a red-headed boy, The stories she told me and the songs which she sung,

Which elated my heart with joy.

I remember the years which have circled away,
And cares that increased as they flew.
Till the children were eight, and all living to-day
Save the eldest, who passed Jordan through.

I remember the scenes of those times so long past, How diff'ring from those in the now; The ways and the styles, each one receding at last, As sunset, which kisses night's brow, You would laugh at the dresses and bonnets then worn,
But no one did laugh at them then;

Five yards for a dress, and for the head a leghorn—As strange were the costumes of men.

With her needle the housewife sat down in her chair And finished her dress in a day, While she spun and she wove and she plaited with care,

While she spun and she wove and she plaited with care, And made all her household array.

For her dressup she deemed her fine calfskins complete, With cowhides for every-day wear;

All varnished with tallow, they protected her feet; Once mended, they last a whole year.

They had wagons and carts in those primitive days,

When they wanted to go on a ride,

Which our carriages now would behold with amaze, And all who within them do glide.

I remember the cabins of logs, chinked with clay,

The place for the fire made of earth,

The huge chimney of sticks, where the smoke fled away, Which backlog and forestick sent forth.

The lug-poles and cranes and trammels they employed, Where pot and teakettle hung,

The bakekettle huge, where the bread we enjoyed Was cooked the hot embers among.

The kitchen for parlor, pantry, and bed was in use, No carpets; the scrub-broom and mop Made war on the dirt, and every other abuse Cleanliness brought to a stop.

Two generations have passed, the world's moving on,
The new woman appears to-day;

Let her not boast o'er the pioneers which have gone, They were needed to prepare the way.

THE LOST RIB

In a garden of beauty, in long-ago days, Where rivers ran silvery, and brightly the rays Of the morning, the noon, and the evening serene Looked down upon an ocean of foliage green;

While the music of cascades and birds mingled sweet, And the flowers lent their charms the scene to complete, With fruits in perfection, low hanging from the trees, Their leaves were trembling lightly when kissed by the breeze.

'T was amidst this enchantment of beauty, alone Lived the lord of the garden, and called it his own. In his woodland were roaming his beasts of all kinds, Sleek bullocks and heifers, with sheep, horses, and hinds;

The lion, the tiger, and the leopard were there, Male and female, all mated, of each kind a pair; There were birds without number of every wing. Every bride to its bridegroom did merrily sing.

His waters were full of fishes, both small and great; Everything that had breath (but himself) had a mate. Sitting down on a moss-covered hillock, he wept, Until, feeling weary, at last he lay down and slept.

And he dreamed that his side opened near to his heart, And he thought that a rib through the rift did depart. He awoke, and, though painless and woundless, he knew His dream (for he counted) was certainly true.

But where had it gone, the long, slender, curved bone? All its left-side companions were asking, "Where gone?" Would it ever return to them in the same way, In his slumbers by night or repose at noonday?

Yes, it would soon return, and it came as the shade Of the evening was deep'ning, a beautiful maid; Not alone, but One with her, a Spirit divine, Which said to the lord of the garden: "She is thine. "For the rib thou didst lose, while slumbering alone, I return in this woman, made out of the bone. And thine shall she ever be, a consort most fair, The mother of millions on earth, and everywhere

"Shall her sons for her daughters, as the ages go by, In their loneliness for their companionship sigh, Until love draws together the hearts that should meet, And the plan of Jehovah the union complete."

While earth moves in her orbit her center around, For the rib that was lost, and the maid that was found, Will the millions be glad, who would not have been known, Had woman never been made from Adam's lost bone.

THE GRIP

"How do you feel?" says Neighbor B,
"I hear you've got the grip.
I thought I'd just call in and see;
I hope you'll have a pleasant trip."

"A pleasant trip! What do you mean?
In Gripland all is drear—
A desert—no oasis green
The wearied gaze to cheer.

"A dull monotony prevails,
All winds are lulled to rest;
You feel that you have many ails
Which make you sore distressed.

"A kind of strange oppressiveness
Comes, and you can't tell why;
A wonderful digressiveness—
Don't care to live, don't want to die.

Your dreams are full of fancied fears, With nightmare to surprise; You think yourself a pair of shears Of wondrous weight and size,

"Which, when they move, the rivet tight Will scarcely let them play,
A kind of grinding all the night,
And sometimes all the day.

"At other times a boa strong
Seems gripping you to death.
You feel that he will not be long
In shutting off your breath.

"Just then he loosens up his folds, And you have some relief; Little by little he unrolls, And lessens much your grief.

"But, Neighbor B, I can't bring out The secrets deep that be Along the crooked, weary route, To know, you'll have to see.

"And then, like Sheba's queen of old, After a full survey, You'll say, 'The half was never told, Of meanness every way.'"

EATING PIE WITH A FORK

"Mother," said Jim, at breakfast, stern,
"Never do the like again!
I was so mortified last night—
Yes, it was a real shame!

"I thought you better knew than that—Behind the times! out of sight!
The ladies from the city, too,
Dressed in silks and jewels bright.

"Could you not see how dashed they looked?

Most so, Mrs. B; she's well bred,

She never touched a single thing,

Only just threw back her head—

"As though she felt insulted, too.

Had there been an auger hole,
It really did seem to me
Through it I could easy crawl.

"Miss S, 't is true, just passed it off; After all, she felt it, too, And after playing sweet and long, Made it worse to treat her so.

"And since I was to escort her home,
I could not look her in the face;
I did not venture to go in,
But left her at her boarding-place."

"Why, James, I am surprised to hear Such talk. Pray, what do you mean? You asked the ladies to come in. What have you improper seen?"

"Mean, mother? When you passed the pie To those ladies from New York, You brought upon each plate a knife, When it should have been a fork."

THANKSGIVING OF THE RATS

Their nest between the cellar wall
And bank of solid earth
Protected them when they crawl
Back from their sallies forth.

'T was hunger sent them out to-day, For rats must have a living, And a great meal, especially If it should be Thanksgiving.

For such a day the housewife had Prepared a store of goodies, To make her friends and neighbors glad, And to refresh their bodies.

Among other things to tempt the taste, A sweet cake, huge, was finished; To cool 't was in the cellar placed, But soon it was diminished.

A rat came to the inside wall, By scent to reconnoiter, And, ratlike, to the rats did call, And then began the slaughter.

Each for himself begins to taste,
The wife had gone to meeting,
And so they were in no great haste,
But quietly kept eating.

How many ate no one can tell,
And there's no use in guessing,
If rats give thanks, it would be well
For such a noble blessing.

At length the housewife did return, But how her anger lowered, Horror of horrors, to discern! Her cake was all devoured.

But then the rats had all retired Behind their breastworks quiet, Thanksgiving day they all admired, It gave such splendid diet.

And all the guests concluded that God cares for all his creatures,
The bird, the beast,—and why not rat?—
"'T is true," say all the preachers.

THE INAUGURAL OF McKINLEY (1897)

Like children on a teeter-board, In the city of renown, McKinley will go up to-day, And Cleveland will go down.

'T were natural if but the physical We only had in view,
But it is trifling with the case
Of more importance true.

The people willed it should be so,
And cast their ballots strong,
More potent than the sword they go,
Bloodless, to right the wrong.

Hail, chieftain, hail! the nation's head, Much they expect from thee; The hungry look to thee for bread, Through channels yet to be. And every eye is looking now
For better times again;
God help thee in thy arduous work,
That they look not in vain.

The every act will be surveyed,
The world is looking on
In all the lines of foreign trade
Whither our fame has gone.

In all the marts of this great land
Are turned expectant eyes;
Ten thousand industries demand
Thy care to supervise.

The few will seek for honors great, Because of wealth or fame; The many will, in every State, Be looking for the same.

O honored head of this great land, Be to thy people true, And they will by thee firmly stand, And render honor due.

THE KICKERS

'T was a frosty day toward winter's close, When Farmer Jones let out his cattle; Their breath, like smoke, curled 'round the nose, Congealed, until icicles rattled.

The bovines were shivering as they drank,
But soon, huddling close together,
They at once began an ugly prank,
In part caused by the ugly weather.

Old brindle, kicking the spotted cow, Soon sets another a-kicking; Her neighbor, kicking the next, and now They rapidly increase and quicken,

Until each one has the spirit caught
Of this sudden brutish contagion;
But what a great lesson they have taught
For all who are in strife engaging.

There is kicking oft in politics—
In the same party there are kickers,
And when one kicks, another one kicks,
Rough tricks are played by their own trickers.

In trade there's kicking now and then; Yes, capital is kicking labor; With rich and poor there are kicking men; Neighbor is often kicking neighbor.

Sometimes the churches begin to kick,
As though they meant harm to each other.
By their blows as firm as solid brick,
Brother arrayed against his brother.

Sure, there is no good by kicking done, It arouses a malicious spirit; If the brutes will kick, let them kick on, But men should nobler traits inherit.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The baker of the farmer bought
His butter, and the farmer said,
"I surely for this favor ought
To buy of him my daily bread."

The baker soon suspected that
The farmer's scales must be untrue,
And after diff'rent testings thought
For damages that he would sue.

The court asked of the farmer there
If he had scales and weights. He said
He had, but thought it would be fair
For weights to use the baker's bread.

Each loaf was marked to weigh a pound;
The butter balanced, as he said,
Till both thus evenly were found—
"The fault is surely in the bread."

Now this fulfills that scripture plain Which unto all men proveth true, "The measure that ye mete again Shall be thus meted out to you."

We need not guess who got the case,
It is as clear as noonday light,
And shows upon its very face
The baker wrong and farmer right.

THE CROW OF TRIUMPH

(A real occurrence.)

The can was new, the sun shone bright,
As cock-a-doo did pass.
Himself he saw by golden light
In the tin looking-glass.

Thinking some pompous rival near,
His harem to invade,
Though stern and proud he did appear,
A dash on him he made,

The shining tin received the blow;
He saw the form retreat;
And then with a triumphant crow,
Announced his rival beat.

MORAL.

The man of vicious habits sees
In others his own state,
And rails at them, while the disease
Is but his duplicate.

And when from this he turns away,
The battle work is through;
He's vanquished self and gained the day,
Like cock-a-doodle-doo.

BLACK SUSAN, OR THE GHOST OF A DEPARTED SWINE

She was of more than common breed,
And so we kept her long;
She raised her family of pigs,
And they were plump and strong.

At last we fatten'd her for use,
And for the butcher went,
Who slew and dressed, as butchers will,
And to the barrel sent.

But, lo! one morning, weeks agone,
The farmer went below
To feed his cattle, when he heard
A voice he used to know.

"Youf! youf!" it sounded in his ears; Surprised, he looked around, But nothing saw till he looked up And a black porker found.

"My gracious; that is just the way Black Susan used to talk. If there's a hog land, I should say She back from it had walked."

How came she on the upper floor, And how did she get in? All firmly fastened was the door, As it had often been.

But recollection brought to mind Last night 't was left ajar, And if she was a real swine, She must have got in there.

He let her out; she disappeared; The night was dark and damp; If not a ghost, as he had feared, She must have been a tramp.

THE BROOM AND MOP

The broom and the mop,
For the dust and the slop,
Great blessings have been to the race;
Yet the household head
Of them has a dread,
When he sits in his cozy place.

For now it is plain
That the maid, Sarah Jane,
Has begun the routine of the day;
She moves with a vim,
Which says clearly to him,
"You had better get out of the way."

He slowly moves his chair
Over mats here and there,
Which, twisted and tumbled, await
The displacement to be made,
As if they were afraid
Of the sweeping and shaking state.

Now the broom has done its best,
And the mop will do the rest,
Where there is any naked floor;
If the case should be severe,
The old scrub-broom will appear,
Till the grease and dirt are no more.

While we give them honor due,
As their labors they pursue,
There seems a kind of dread
The user to offend,
Lest the weapon should extend
And come down upon your head.

GENERAL CONFERENCE IN SESSION

The Chairman grave is in his chair,
With gavel in his hand;
He smites the table standing there,
And order doth command.
The roll is called, proceedings read,
And business is resumed;
A's motion has been seconded,
And half an hour consumed.
D makes a motion to amend;
Again the speeches pour,
And on and on they do extend
By those who get the floor.
At length arises Mr. E:

"If the Chair please, I move That the amendment mended be." "I second it," says Grove.

Ten speeches are in order said, And then a substitute

By H is offered in their stead,

To end the long dispute.
But it is quickly voted down,

And previous question called By Mr. Black, second by Brown,

By Mr. Black, second by Brown, And soon the thing is stalled.

"I move to table it," says J,

A second comes from I; Lost by a small majority, Again the speeches fly.

K to a point of order calls,
The Chair decides him right,

And down with force the gavel falls
When L just asks for "light,"

"A question," 't is explained to him.

Then M, long-winded, speaks; N follows with accustomed vim,

A tide of voices breaks—

"Question! question!" they louder call; Reluctantly sits down

The orator, amidst the swell Of voices, with a frown.

The yeas and nays are called, and then Each member shows his view.

A motion to adjourn, again To meet precise at two!

"But hold, committees! Will the Chair Tell time and place to meet?"

Each one announces when and where

Their business to complete. Next the doxology is sung.

Dismissed by Brother O.

And now they hasten, old and young, 'T is dinner-time, you know.

THE "FORGOTS"

The "forgots" are all related,
Though scattered far and wide;
With certain things they are elated,
On others they subside.

'T is the trifles they remember, On these so firmly set, A strong storm of fierce December Sooner they would forget.

'T is said that Mrs. Mary Maybee One night went to meeting, And went home without her baby, In the pew left it sleeping.

Of course as soon as she had missed it Went back in a hurry; While taking it up she kissed it, When about to worry.

The "forgots" which are most trying To lovers of good cooking— Burn their cakes, and meat a-frying, At other things a-looking.

Some forget the time for dinner, They have so much to do, While they, like a guilty sinner, Neglect till one or two.

Then, there is Maria Dutton, Singing her merry tunes; But forgets to sew a button On Jacob's pantaloons.

There's no use in specifying,
Or firing random shots
At a few women, though trying,
T' other side has "forgots."

For instance, there is Joe Snider, Of the "forgots" a stripe: Remembers his beer and cider And his tobacco-pipe,

But forgets the vows of marriage He made in early life, And thus he doth discourage His friends, children, and wife.

Forgets his business, of what kind Soever it may be, To every sense of duty blind, Manhood and honesty.

Sometimes the preacher, he forgets How long he has been preaching, And afterward, perhaps, regrets, Because of over-teaching.

But this is not as bad as 't is
To be too late at meeting;
Or fall asleep, which often is
Caused by overwork or eating.

To sum it up just as we should:
All people should forget
The evil and remember good,
And all our faults regret.

Let charity its mantle throw

Over the scar and blot,

For in some way we all do know

That we have been forgot.

O God, forget our faults, we pray; As others we forgive, Forget us not in that great day When we account must give.

THE SPRING-BOARD

(The scene described in this poem was witnessed, and the lines were written while waiting for the train at Utica, between Meadville and Oil City, March, 1887.)

Jumping from a spring-board, by the old mill, Balanced on a saw-log, below the hill; At first only two boys, aged eight and ten, In about five minutes came two more, then Another from the village, anxious for fun, Came to the merry sporters on a run. And so they kept coming, till half a score, Men, women looking at them from the store.

Now another spring-board is arranged there, Oh, the merry jumping—but, boys, take care! Some had on boots with red tops, showy, fine, Some button shoes, with stockings red as wine; Others coarser shod, but they did not care, All they had in view was the frolic there. Some had on caps of black, and some of white, Some sunny locks, and some as dark as night.

They had eyes that sparkled, of every hue, From darkest ink to palest sky blue. But what to them is hue of eyes or hair? To try their skill in jumping they are there. Now the boy with red boot-tops teeters the plank, Swings his arms and leaps, then where his feet sank Makes a heel-mark, then another one tries, Goes over a little. "Beat!" one cries.

Next little Bill Dumpling (guess at his name) Just sprang up a little, and down he came; Hurt him but slightly, he fell on his nose; Seemed not to mind it, as upward he rose. So they kept jumping, some short, some beyond, Till the train came, and I found myself on. I left them still jumping—something said then,

"Behold in these children actions of men."
Jumping for riches, pleasure, and renown;
Some are going up, and some going down;
Some, like the red-tops, will make more display,
And jump a little farther on life's way.
All, like Bill Dumpling ('t is man's just desert),
Will find at life's close himself in the dirt.

ELECTION DAY

The day of hurry, the day of worry
For all of the nominees,
For fear of defeat and losing a seat,
Which means the losing of fees.

From lowest in town to highest renown In the Union, where it may be, There's a shaking and there's a quaking In every nominee.

Every bell did ring, and pull every string, Each for himself intreated; Yet some will be beat and suffer defeat, When the polls are completed.

The party that gains, and one that complains, Will again unite as one.

In business of state the Union is great,
Work must in order go on.

Each citizen here, at the polls a peer, In judgment should do his best For the good of all, his country's call, Leave Providence the rest.

SALLY GIGGLE

Ever met with Sally Giggle? Talks and laughs all on a wriggle: Calls on you sometimes—every day. And often makes a lengthy stay. Never knocks, but comes in a springing. Leaves the door behind her swinging. You may be at table eating. This will cause her no retreating: Stands her ground, closely surveying All you're eating, all you're saving. Her words like raindrops are falling.— Such etiquette seems appalling! Gives you no time for replying. Like an auctioneer a-crying: Of the boys and girls a-talking. With whom of late she's been walking. Have you photos? she will view them: Have you trinkets? she'll go through them; Thrum your organ or piano, Make a discord of hosanna. If you set value on your time, You'll wish her in another clime: Hope she'll soon exhaust her store And go, but not to gather more. But when you think she's on the wing She halts, exhaustless as a spring, And thinks of something more to say; You fear your patience will give way: Haply, she leaves you ere you chide; Behind her doors are swinging wide; You follow up and close again. Then quiet comes to nerve and brain.

DECORATION AND WAR

THE BOYS IN BLUE

You're growing older, noble boys, As years go circling by, And Death a comrade oft deploys To ranks beyond the sky.

And no recruit will fill your place,
As one by one you fall,
Marching o'er life's highway, the race,
At the shrill bugle's call.

The march is short'ning every year;
At roll-call many a name
That once responded promptly, "Here,"
Will ne'er respond again.

A little while and all will be Where your brave comrades are, Who, fighting, fell for liberty, Beyond the reach of war.

Oh, fight the fight of faith and win The crown prepared above For those who vanquish Satan—sin, A glorious crown of love.

In robes of white, on dress parade, The Captain will review, The banner of the cross displayed Will float its colors true. Great spoils He'll give you in that day, Jewels and wealth untold, Honors that will not fade away, A city paved with gold.

DECORATION DAY

(Read at Findley Lake, May 30, 1904, before the oration by Doctor King, President of the School of Oratory of Pittsburg, Pa.)

Forty years have passed away
Since the Appomatox day
When, yielding to the Blue, the Gray
Threw the palmetto down,
And 'neath the Stars and Stripes again
Took shelter, and the vast domain
Was the great field of freedom's reign,
Where valor won renown.

While peans glad of victory ring,
They glide upon the raven wing,
And shadows dark around us fling,
And o'er the mighty dead
Who rushed into the chasm wide,
And closed at last the great divide,
With costly blood from either side,
Which each to each more strongly wed.

A tribute to their memory dear Brings us together every year, Their sacred ashes to revere With nature's choicest flowers. They were the nation's flowers bright, Which the stern frosts of war did blight, Whose petals closed with the dark night, Beneath the war-clouds lower. Though faded like the blossom fair,
They leave a fragrance in the air,
By breezes wafted here and there,
Which patriots inhale.
To nerve them in their country's weal,
And fill their hearts with noble zeal,
When to the sword they must appeal,
They by it may prevail.

THE BOW OF ULYSSES

For twenty years, unused, unstrung, Against the wall the missile hung— A pledge of friendship from afar, Too sacred for the fields of war. When sailed for Troy, Ulysses great, He hung it in his hall of state. Leaving it with his queen and son Till he return from Ilium: Nor thought ten years would come and go Ere he subdue the stubborn foe. And vengeance dealt to Priam's throne For crimes of his perfidious son, Who charmed fair Helen, and she fled Her home and land, and him she wed. 'T was Venus planned, Love's goddess bright, Which roused all Greece to bloody fight.

And must he add ten years to these, In hostile lands, o'er stormy seas, Touch Lotus-land and Cyclop's shore, And Circe's isle, and then explore The nether world and meet the shades Of heroes felled by Trojan blades? Returns, evades the sirens' bands, But all his ships upon the strands The gods have wrecked, and only he Escapes the all-devouring sea.

Calypso rescues from the flood, And keeps the man of royal blood A captive, loved, for seven long years, Sighing for home with many tears, Till Jove, demanding his release, The goddess sends away in peace.

But angry Neptune wrecks once more, Half dead, upon Alcinon's shore. The king and queen and princess hear His story, and let fall the tear. With gifts and blessings send away To his own home—fair Ithaca. For purposes he deems most wise. He enters in a beggar's guise; Beholds his palace filled with bands Of princes, most from foreign lands; For years upon his bounty fed, Aspiring for the queenly bed; Nor deemed Ulysses would return. Though, in the beggar, him they spurn. To none at first is he made known, But to Telemachus, his son.

Nor knows the Queen Penelope Ulysses great her eyes do see. While suitors press her hand to claim. She plans they do it by a game. The bow from its long rest is sought. And to the astonished princes brought; Twelve rings are from the ceiling hung. And he by whom the bow is strung And through the rings an arrow throws Shall be the one the queen shall choose. The weakest first their strength do try. But yield, defeated, with a sigh. Thus, one by one, till all have tried, And each the stubborn bow defied. At last, the beggar, drawing nigh, His strength upon the bow would try.

With sneers the suitors on him frown, Lest he, a beggar, gain renown. The queen for him puts in a plea-Not if he win his bride to be. And now he takes the well-known bow, Stooping, he bends it, firm and slow; A moment more, and it is strung, An arrow, poised, is quickly flung Straight through the rings suspended there, And wildly now the suitors stare. The victor now reveals his name. Upbraids them for their deeds of shame; Then, one by one, his arrows fly, And, one by one, his victims die. The carnage of that night is great, But he regains his lost estate.

DECORATION DAY (1905)

We sing the requiem to-day
For all the nation's dead;
Tears for the Blue and for the Gray
Like raindrops will be shed.

Nature will yield the flowers of spring Their graves to decorate, Which fairy hands will gladly bring, These to commemorate.

And eloquence, with silver tongue,
Will of their daring tell,
Though some misguided were among,
Yet they as heroes fell.

Remembrance throws the veil aside,
And we again explore
The fields of battle, far and wide,
All stained with brothers' gore,

We hear the bugle and the drum,
Which marshal to the fight,
We see the ranks with banners come,
And firearms gleaming bright.

We see contending armies meet, Resolved to win the day, While iron hail and leaden sleet Their swaths like mowers lay.

O Gettysburg, thou Waterloo!
Thou carnival of death!
Where valor rushed the Gray and Blue,
And victory held her breath.

Lord Wellington, beneath his tree, For Blucher sighed, or night, So even-handed seemed to be The heroes in the fight.

But turned at last the battle's tide, And victory was won, Though gloriously the Old Guard died To save Napoleon.

So fought the Blue, so fought the Gray, But God, to each in love, Gave to the Blue the victory, As future years did prove.

Let this suffice—you know full well The many battles fought On mountain, plain, on hill, in dell, Ere union could be brought.

The waters there were dyed in blood In many a naval fray, And strife swallowed by the flood, To bring this glorious day. But turn once more the weary eye
To prisons foul and dank,
Where multitudes in hunger lie,
Of every grade and rank.

And why all this? Hear the reply, "That this great land might live Beneath one banner, floating high, Freedom to all to give."

But who are these arrayed in blue, And these arrayed in gray? Divided then, they now are true, Whom battle did not slay.

But death that spared them on the field Has followed on their trail, And every year do thousands yield; O'er all he'll soon prevail.

When the last pair the debt has paid, They did to nature owe, Then let them in one grave be laid, The unity to show.

THE SPLUGEN DRUMMER

'T was in the days of long ago, When brave McDonald fought, As up the Splügen, to the foe, The Austrian camp he sought.

The storm in demon fury swept,
And bore on fleetest wing,
From mountain height, where it had slept,
The snow of winter's ice-clad king.

The pines went rocking to and fro,
The heavens were dark as night;
The very Alps seemed trembling, too,
All breathless stood in fright.

A moment more, with awful leap,
The avalanche swept thund'ring by,
And dashed into the chasm deep,
Like some dread comet from the sky.

Horses and riders, footmen, too,
Dark forms, a moment seen in air,
Then to the frozen depths below,
Are buried in the debris there.

But, hark! the drummer's reveille Comes upward from the depths below; An hour he beateth, as when he His comrades roused to meet the foe.

Fainter and fainter comes the sound, Until the ear can catch no more; On the cold snow he lieth down, His last reveille beat is o'er.

WELCOME TO ADMIRAL DEWEY

(Admiral Dewey returned from Manila to New York Harbor, September 29, 1899.)

Welcome, hero of renown,
Who made the nations wonder,
As went the Spanish squadron down
Amidst his mighty thunder.

Never so quick was glory won Upon the distant water; Amongst thy men, the Orient sun Beheld no bloody slaughter. As fought the stars by Kishon's flood, So fought for thee some power Which for the right in justice stood, In that decisive hour.

Proudly thy colors waved on high,
And gave thee inspiration,
Long may they in the breezes fly—
The standard of our nation.

Thy name, historic, shall go down
To future generations,
With Jones and Dale, of high renown,
And all who filled such stations.

CUBA

Hail to thee, island! the Pearl of Antilles,
Set like a gem in the midst of the sea,
Thy forest-clad mountains, hills, plains, and valleys
Now from the oppressor are all set free.
Since the day thou wast found by the sage of Genoa,
As centuries have passed, thou hast felt the blight.
Though ocean-wave circled thy borders snowy,
Thine's been the bondage of slavery's night.

Deep were the groans, and tears without number,
From manhood, and woman, and childhood distressed.
Long, long seemed the saber of justice to slumber,
Ere it leaped from its scabbard to save the oppressed.
What signal is that going up from the water
At midnight, projected in malice by Spain?
'T is the signal that tells to the world of the slaughter
Of hundreds of sleepers—the wreck of the Maine.

The world stood aghast at a deed so infernal,
But she, the proud nation, receiving the wrong,
Comes forth in the name of the mighty Eternal,
Who makes her in battle for righteousness strong.

While the *Maine*, that was wrecked by the Spaniard so subtle, Cries, "Revenge me, by sinking her ships in the wave." Then Dewey and Sampson, with others, did scuttle And bury them deep in their watery grave.

Give praise to the heroes, though rude in their daring,
Who rushed from their fastnesses down upon Spain,
Their breasts to the storm of her musketry baring
Till rescue could come from a people humane.
Give praise to the nation who rushed to defend her,
And gave many lives of her noble and true;
Give praise to the God of the nation, and render
The tribute of honor to him that is due.

Land of the mango and palm in its beauty,

The citron, and orange, and fruits without number,
Arise, and go forth in every duty,

No more 'neath the dust of the ages to slumber.

I see in the distance great cities arising,

And ships from all parts of the nations away,
Like Tyrus of old, in her commerce surprising,

With a future as bright as a glad summer day.

May the tricolored flag—the folds of Old Glory,
Which gave inspiration in making thee free,
Float o'er thee forever, immortal in story,
Thy safety at home and defense on the sea.
But, stronger than all, may intelligence, spreading,
Religion in purity walking abroad,
Like bridegroom and bride, in fidelity wedding,
Let the bans be pronounced in the name of our God.

THE STARS AND STRIPES HOISTED

(The Spanish flag was pulled down January 1, 1899, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted over Cuba, amidst cannonading and great rejoicing.)

What means this cannonading deep,
Thundering from sea to shore?
And loud huzzas, like winds that sweep
The mighty forests o'er?

It means the colors have gone down For four long centuries swayed Over fair Cuba, like the frown Of darkest night displayed.

It means the Stars and Stripes arise, A glorious guarantee, Illuminating all her skies With God and liberty.

Rejoice, O beauteous sea-girt isle, In thine adopted home, Which welcomes thee—let blessings smile Through all the years to come.

Historic be the day whose noon, First of the new year's line, Gave unto thee this priceless boon Of eighteen ninety-nine.

REMEMBER THE MAINE

(Written to vindicate the nation's interference in the Spanish-Cuban War of 1898.)

Remember the *Maine*, which haughty Spain In times of peace destroyed, With scores of men who perished then, By hypocrites deployed.

Remember her crimes in former times, Along the bygone years, Her prisons dank, chains and the clank, The bitter groans and tears. Remember the isles where ocean smiles,
The near and the far away,
Which, by nature blest, she hath oppressed,
And doth oppress to-day.

Let the flag of the free float over the sea, Take vengeance on the foe; Let her ships go down, bombard each town, And lay the tyrant low.

Then her oppressed, both east and west,
Shall fear no more her power,
Yes, she must sue to Red, White, and Blue,
In the decisive hour.

WELCOME TO THE JAPAN ORATOR

(Lakeside, August 8, 1904.)

We welcome thee, stranger,
From thy far-away islands,
Which bathe in the sunlight
And arise from the sea;
In the green of their beauty
Thy valleys, plains, and highlands,
And rivers, which move
In their majesty free.

We welcome thee, stranger,
With love for thy nation,
As one that's awakening
From a bright dream of the past.
Scaling the mountain of truth,
And holding her station,
As she breaketh the shackles
That once held her fast.

We welcome thee, stranger, Now tell us thy story— We have heard it in whispers Coming far over the wave, Of thy heroes all covered In battle with glory, Who fought the dear rights Of their country to save.

We welcome thee, stranger,
Though few in thy numbers
Compared with the Bear,
From his deserts of snow.
The fire of thy patriots
Never shall slumber
Till her icebergs and glaciers
Melted, as liquid shall flow.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

(Suggested by the prospect in the near future of the adjustment of all difficulties between England and the United States by arbitration, instead of war.)

'T is said, "He is the Prince of Peace,
The Christ that stills the deadly strife,
Bids sinful men their warring cease
And bow to Him who giveth life."
He willed to all his children this
Before from earth he went away;
Within their hearts his kingdom is—
The Holy Three, to rule each day.

The world has been a battlefield
Since the first human blood was shed;
The carnal weapons man did wield
Were deeply dyed with life's gore red.
Victors have cities overthrown,
With ruins strewn the years of time,
While bleaching bones have ghastly shone
In every age and every clime.

The strong have crushed the weak by might, And robbed the poor to make them great, While millions, martyred for the right, Impatient for atonement wait. What meanest thou, O seer of old,
Whose trumpet blasts have told the years
When husbandry shall rich unfold,
With implements from swords and spears?

When the loud din of war shall cease,
And nations, to earth's farthest shore,
Shall live in unity and peace,
And practice cruel war no more.
The twilight of that glorious day
Is breaking on the wide world's gloom,
Though slow the mists do fade away,
The full-orbed light will surely come.

Two nations now do contemplate
That, for a stated term of years,
All matters vexed to arbitrate,
Abide as settled by their peers.
Britain, among the nations old,
For full two thousand sturdy years
Her battle-flag has left unrolled;
And conquest made in blood and tears.

From Boadicea brave till now,

Through heathen shades of darkest night,
While changing lines and houses bow,
At last she reaches noonday light;
And to her offspring, but a child
As yet in years compared to her,
Though they have had contentions wild,
For mutual peace they now confer.

'T is the beginning of the end,
We humbly trust, of bloody strife;
God grant the spirit may extend,
And stop this waste of human life.
May nations catch the spirit grand,
As truth upon their hearts shall pour,
Until, in every clime and land,
They learn and practice war no more.

IDYLS

THE DANCE OF DEATH

(At Johnstown there was a dance connected with a wedding, late in the afternoon of the great flood which came suddenly upon them, from the breaking of the dam, and swept them away.)

There was music in the hall,
And footsteps moving light,
Young men and maidens, all—
To them the world was bright.

The wedding train were they—
The bride and groom were there,
An hour had passed away
Since wedlock joined the pair.

With fascinating charms
They whirl in mazy dance,
But what is this alarms?
They stand in terror's trance.

It is the rush and roar
Of waters dashing in,
Unbidden, to the floor—
They hush the mirthful din.

There's paleness on each face, And shrieks of wild despair, As dancing waters chase Their victims to the stair.

But Death amidst the flood
Grasps each one by the hand,
Stopping the dancing blood,
Dismisses all the band.

THE MEETING AT THE WELL

Dust-covered, by the well he stood,
The journey had been long,
With staff in hand, desert and flood
He met, and whirlwind strong;
For westward was his home, but he
Doth from an angry brother flee,
And here beside the well is found,
With shepherds and their sheep around.

Inquires for Laban, and is told,
"His daughter cometh there,
The maiden with her sheep, behold
The graceful and the fair."
She brings them to the covered well;
The joy of Jacob who can tell
As he beholds his cousin fair,
Surprised to see a stranger there.

He takes away the massive stone,
And waters all her sheep,
Then makes to her his kindred known,
While gladness makes him weep.
His gentle arm around her thrown,
And tender kiss, his love make known.
Her beauty and her graceful form
Have smitten him as by a storm.

The years of toil which Laban said

He must on him confer,
Each like a sunny morning fled,
So great his love for her.
They wed at last, their hearts were true,
Though shadows dark they journeyed through.
Let Ephrath close where Rachel fell,
Who met her Jacob at the well.

THE WEDDING IN THE CHURCH (1896)

Bring some flowers and ferns to the church to-day, Let hearts be glad and, joyful, say, "Peace and prosperity attend The wedded pair, and God defend." They at the sacred altar stand, And pledge to each, by the right hand, Love and fidelity for life, In calm and sunshine and in strife.

Prophetically, adown the years
Behold their hopes, behold their fears!
Prosperity is coming slow,
Or may like some grand river flow.
Anon reverses drain it dry,
As in the desert seems to die,
Beneath deceitful sands, the flood,
Upon whose banks they hoping stood.

At seventy years, wrinkled and gray,
They retrospect to this glad day.
Like an oasis it appears,
Amidst the desert of their years.
Where are the friends who thronged around
When the golden cord together bound?
More than a generation passed,
They stand almost alone at last.

A little way before them lies
The line between the earth and skies.
The distant wave breaks on the ear—
They know the crossing must be near;
They dip their sandals in the flood,
And, leaning on the arm of God,
March from the stormy to the calm,
To join the blood-washed of the Lamb.

THE FORTIETH YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE

(Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Hager, August 26, 1899.)

There's something in the "forties" Significant, I ween; Lifting the curtain of the past, Scene opens after scene.

There's Moses on Mount Horeb For forty nights and days, Where tragic scenes were witnessed, Lit by Jehovah's blaze.

The oracles were given,
And patterns there were shown
Of things that were in heaven,
To man to be made known.

There were forty years of wand'rings
Amidst the desert's sand,
Before the journey ended
That reached the promised land.

There were forty days of spying By those sent out to see The people and the country, Their heritage to be.

And you know what they reported— Of giants, walls, and power, That made the people tremble, And God his wrath to shower.

For forty days Elijah
From Jezebel did flee,
After from Carmel's summit
He wrought the victory.

The forty days' probation

To Nineveh, the great,

Where Jonah preached repentance,

And saved from dreadful fate.

For forty days the Savior
In the wilderness was tried,
And conquered fallen Satan,
And power for us supplied.

For forty days he tarried
After from death he rose,
And then to heaven ascended,
Triumphant o'er his foes.

APPLICATION.

These "forties" in our journey Along the years, dear wife, Have been to us a picture Of our eventful life.

We learned the laws of Horeb, Yet murmured, as did they, Because we feared the giants, And oft did disobey.

Elijah-like, we've fainted,
After a victory won,
And wished for death to rid us
From trouble 'neath the sun.

But God, thus far, hath spared us, Like Nineveh of old, Because we have repented When of our follies told.

By the "forties" of temptation
We've learned to conquer sin
By Him who overcame it,
And did the victory win.

And by the great ascension,
After the forty days,
We know there is a mansion
For all who love his ways.

We may be near the river, (Or one of us may be,) This very year dividing Time from eternity.

But let us wait with patience,
And earth's few trials bear,
With faith and hope to cheer us,
For we are almost there.

THE MIDNIGHT WEDDING

At eventime the hour was set,

And all the guests were there,
The bride and groom did ready get,
But where's the preacher!—where!

An hour has passed—he does not come, And every eye looks sad; What hath detained him at his home? Say, is he sick or dead?

The supper has been waiting long,
The clock has just struck ten,
Some one must go and see what's wrong.
And so it was that then,

With his fleet horse, the groom set out, Six miles o'er frozen snow, He brought the preacher, who, no doubt, Did all good reasons show.

He said: "I was about to start,
But stopped to get my mail;
A letter found, which thrilled my heart,
And made my courage fail.

"It said the wedding was delayed Until some other day, By serious illness of the maid, And this caused my delay."

Whoever wrote, concealed his name;
The reason must be guessed;
Upon anonymous the blame,
And lying, all must rest.

The clock strikes twelve—the two are one;
God bless the wedded pair,
A happy race on earth to run,
And have in heaven a share.

MAGGIE (1889)

Where willow-fringed Codorus flows, Through York's historic city, Lives Maggie, with her cheeks of rose, Of lively turn and witty.

The only child of parents dear—
Oh, how they love their daughter—
Long may she live their hearts to cheer,
Pure as the dewdrop water.

A panorama now unfolds
Before her youthful vision,
Which all her heart enraptured holds,
And seems a grand Elysian.

Within the garden of her soul
Hath Love his throne erected,
And doth the whole domain control—
May all be as expected.

But who with her doth at the shrine
In union bow forever?
May he be true as to the line
The sun that swerveth never.

And true to him, and true to God, May all her years be flowing, Until within that blest abode Where all the good are going.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. O. C. GAGE

As we hear the jingle, jingle
Of the silver, merry chimes,
Our thoughts begin to mingle
With the scenes of other times.

The years are five and twenty, Marked by this very day, Since we, for reasons plenty, For marriage stole away.

Perhaps 't was indiscretion To act exactly so, But each had got possession Of the other's heart, you know.

And yet we've not relented,
Or thought it was a crime
To be by us repented,
Until this very time.

The years have made us older,
And yet our hearts are young;
The cares have made us bolder,
Which we have passed among.

Our children, too, have bound us,
As they have, one by one,
Like cords of love around us,
Together with us run.

We hope for treasures golden, Should fifty years go by, For then we would be olden, And near our home on high.

That we may meet in heaven,
And celebrate the day,
Our hearts to Christ were given,
Is that for which we pray.

EMER JAY

'T was more than fifty years ago, Yet vividly to-day Doth my memory to me show The form of Emer Jay.

She was a child of summers ten;
I'd passed the same away;
The rose had tinged her cheek, and then
Dark eyes had Emer Jay.

We lived not very far apart,
On each side of the way,
And joy was always in my heart
When I met Emer Jay.

I played the soldier once, I know, On Fourth of July day, More patriotic did I grow When cheered by Emer Jay. Two years had scarcely passed when we Did separate for aye; I went another place to see, And so left Emer Jay.

I did not know till I had gone
To permanently stay,
The loneliness that oft came on
At thought of Emer Jay.

Though I with life am almost through,
And short must be my stay,
'T would please me even now to know
The fate of Emer Jay.

ROMANCE OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

The romance of childhood and youth Like a grand panorama appears; Flowers and evergreens cover the truth, And hide the dark shadows of years. The cottage, half hid by the vine, Enchanted with beauty and love. Ambient air and musical chime. It seemeth a mansion above. Children playing where fountains flash In the light of the golden day, And showers of jewels on them dash, Enameled by the rainbow spray. What hopes of high honor, and fame, And wealth, which suddenly rise, All their heavens aglow with the flame As the sun fills the vault of the skies. Their hills, plains, and valleys are green, While brooks ever murmur to cheer. And cascades embellish the scene, With beauty is wrapped every year. Old age in the distance, at ease Reclining in his cozy, soft chair, Unsullied by pain or disease, Passes off like a breath in the air.

MISCHIEF CAT

(Written for Ella, 1886.)

The beautiful birds from over the sea
Sang sweet in sunny bow'rs,
Till there came a rage, by fashion's decree,
For birds instead of flow'rs.
Soon the slaughter began for ladies' hats,
By the gamesters all around,
So Ella, fair, regardless of the cats,
One on her bonnet bound.

Of gaudy plumage, 't was a varied green,
With outstretched wings before,
With a delicate head, and eyes, was seen,
Which pleased her more and more.
But the old mischief cat admired as well;
Upon the organ high,
With muddy footprints left the tale to tell—
She made Miss Ella cry.

No doubt the cat, as she there did steal,
Thought what a treat 't would be
Upon the plump-appearing bird to meal,
That came from o'er the sea.
And then she tore it, as the cats can tear;
Alas, what did she gain?
Some feathers bright, a little sawdust there,
And Ella's heart in pain.

So acts the world like the old mischief cat, By her own plans are torn, While she gains herself no profit by that, Our hearts are left to mourn.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SPRING

I passed it, wife, the other day,When on a business wing,And there it stood, marked by decay,The cottage by the spring.

'T was five and forty years ago— What memories do they bring! Of shadows deep and sunlight glow, That cottage by the spring.

Five little rooms; the eaves were low, And rude was everything; Housekeeping we began, you know, In that cottage by the spring.

That petted cow your father gave,
And calf which she did bring,
The pig, and fowls, and horse did have,
When we lived by the spring.

The time was short—we could but grieve, Though to our pets we cling, The church demands, and we must leave The cottage by the spring.

We sold our pets, and shed the tear Which from the eye did wring, And left what seemed to us so dear, That cottage by the spring.

Since then we've wander'd here and there,
Too sad at times to sing,
We had not much of real care
In the cottage by the spring.

Our plans in life, like autumn leaves, Have faded on the wing, But while o'er blasted hopes we grieve, There's romance by the spring.

MEMORIAL

LAST WORDS, "HOW BEAUTIFUL!"

(Respectfully inscribed to Rev. R. J. White, D.D., pastor of the First United Brethren Church, Buffalo, N. Y., on the death of his mother.)

She walked so near to the beautiful gate,
As the years of her pilgrimage flew,
That gleams from the city oft did elate
As the eye of her soul brought them to view.

In the light of her God she walked all the way, Till she stood by the portal of gold, And heard her Redeemer, all musical, say, "Come in and the beauties behold."

An angel swung back, on hinges of praise,
The gate, and a flood of glory came out,
And her spirit entered in with the blaze,
And was received by the saints with a shout.

But she left her labors behind her to grow,
Their rich fruitage to yield along the years;
Not till the judgment can we fully know
Results of her sowing and watering with tears.

Oh, blest are the dead that die in the Lord,
From henceforth and forever they shall be
Partakers of the glorious reward,
And the rich fruit of all their labors see.

To die like the righteous—greater renown
Than all the emoluments earth can yield.
Let me with glory immortal go down,
And rise where it evermore shall be revealed.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(February 12, 1900.)

This day, upon the scroll of fame, We venerate anew his name Who healed the wound by brothers made, When hostile armies did invade.

He fell a martyr for his land, Struck down by the assassin's hand; But rose immortal, like the star Which sends its radiance from afar.

His praises for the "jubilee" Which did a race from bondage free, Will from that people ever rise, Like holy incense, to the skies.

The nation great, united now, With heads and hearts do grateful bow To do him homage—let it be The tribute of his country, free.

REV. H. BEDOW

A silent train came winding through The churchyard gate, to a grave made new; They lowered a casket, and were said Some fitting words above the dead.

I heard one ask, approaching near, "Who might it be that lieth here?"
The answer came, from one who knew, "A man of God, a veteran true."

For forty years he fought with those Who warfare made on Zion's foes. Most of his comrades, one by one, Have been discharged, and are at home. Of late, he, too, went up on high, No more to fight, no more to die; Promoted now, in raiment white He walks in God's eternal light.

The comrades of his company Are standing by the border sea, Waiting the waters to divide, That they may reach the other side,

To join the hosts from Abel down, Whose valor won through Christ a crown, And with them sing the wondrous psalm, Giving all glory to the Lamb.

REV. JOHN HILL (ERIE CONFERENCE)

The curtain has lifted and the drama is o'er, And he has departed to a far-away shore. And he will never return the scenes to review Which multitudes witnessed as he journeyed life through.

As winds sweep the forests, his eloquence swept, Till his auditors melted and trembled and wept; His voice, like the thunder, broke deeply and loud, His eye, like lightning that flashed from the cloud.

From manhood's young morning to threescore and ten, His life was an off'ring to benefit men. He fell in the battle, he died on the field, With his hand on his sword and his head on his shield.

The curtain is lifted dividing the worlds, The banner of heaven in beauty unfurls; His comrades, departed, march down to the sea And escort him away to his home with the free.

Let us fight as he fought, and die as he died,. Then we'll meet him again beyond the divide; May the God of all grace bring us safe to that shore, When conflicts are ended, to part never more.

REV. F. A. HARRISON

Even so, our Father,

For so it seemed good in thy sight
To call our dear brother

From earth land to one of no night.

We are in deep sorrow,
Inquiring, "Why should it be so?
Why sped the stern arrow
From the archer's strong bow?"

In the years of his prime,

It was but a little past noon,

And it seemed that the time

To close his life work was too soon.

True, another may feed
And care for the flock which he fed,
By the still waters lead
Where he hath them so often led.

But the shepherds are few
Who will thus faithfully take care
And to their trust be true—
So did the Great Shepherd declare.

God of the harvest, send
More laborers into the field,
And thus the work extend,
Until a hundredfold shall yield.

We leave it all with Thee,
Whose ways are all truthful and right;
Even so let it be,
For so it seemed good in thy sight.

RITTENHOUSE (ERIE CONFERENCE)

Calm as the placid lake was he, When storms retire to rest; Though roused, at times, like Galilee, Soon quiet filled his breast.

He was not eloquent, as some
The meaning would define,
To paint the scenes which are to come,
And dazzle more than shine.

But clear and mild as morning's light, Unfolds the ways of grace, Presenting Christ before the sight, To save a fallen race.

It seemed no labored task with him
The Scriptures to unfold;
He dwelt so near the cherubim
And mercy-seat of gold.

He had but one great work to do,
And strove to do it well;
The years went on, till he passed through
The gate, in heaven to dwell.

In that great Westminster above, Upon the scroll of fame, Written in blood, mingled with love Immortal, stands his name.

BISHOP J. WEAVER

He was among the chosen few
Whose wondrous skill could fascinate,
Like gentle show'r and silent dew
Where burning drouth made desolate.
Is this the man, the lean and tall,

Of vacant look and leaden eye,
The prince of orators, they call?
Judge not, O critic. From the sky
The lightning comes all unaware,
In fragments lies the sturdy oak,
By bolt hurled through the murky air—
How powerful was the magic stroke!

See! like the palm, erect he stands;
His voice is like the melodies
Of rippling waves upon the sands,
Born thitherward by distant seas.
A power of thrilling all your powers,
And of them you have lost control;
Before it all your being cowers,
Body and spirit, mind and soul.

As Samson tore the gates away
Of Gaza, at the midnight hour,
You see the bars and pillars sway
Of death—by Christ's almighty power.
You see the throne, and hear the song
Unto Him that sitteth thereon,
The music of the ransomed throng
Who through the years have thither gone.

He talked of heaven, and wrote till gray With care, and toil, and many years, And then to heaven he passed away, To hail his Christ and mighty peers.

BISHOP E. B. KEPHART

As Aaron's breastplate gave its light From many a jewel rare, His life sent forth a radiance bright From virtues centered there. Like Israel's priest upon his heart Who bore the tribes of old, In men he took an earnest part, And for the truth was bold.

Wisdom he had, and did dispense That trinity profound, Of nature, grace, and providence, With which he did abound.

He ruled in church, he ruled in state With a demeanor mild; Humility had made him great, The giant from the child.

He was not old, threescore and ten Beheld him at his best; Greater his zeal for truth and men As on he journeyed west.

He did not fall by slow decay—
The ling'ring ills of years—
But passes suddenly away,
As Enoch disappears.

While sorrow's fingers touch the strings Which the deep sadness tells, Each harp in heaven melodious rings, Each song with rapture swells.

Rest, brother, from thy labors rest;
Thy work hath been well done;
Till time shall close earth will be blest,
And vict'ries through thee won.

A DREAM OF LIFE

(Suggested by the death of Lewis Amidon.)

I woke at last-how short the sleep Of seventy years! Their rapid sweep Has hasty glimpses brought to view Of scenes I have been passing through. A picture faint of childhood days, The school, the church, the varied ways Of life along to manhood's years; Of marriage and increasing cares, Of steady toil for daily bread, That those dependent might be fed. The duties of the citizen, In peace and war with hostile men. Of age, infirm and wasting frame: And then the specter grimly came, And sternly shook. With strange surprise. Amidst new scenes I ope my eyes-A land of light—I feel no pain. Where am I? Hark! upon that plain, And on the hills and mountains bold, I ranks of shining ones behold, And songs and harps break on my ear. But who are those approaching near? My sainted mother and my sire, Sisters and brothers drawing nigher. To guide me to my mansion bright. Beyond the reach of care and night. What throngs I meet I used to know When in the land of dreams below. Almost alone I left that shore, Two generations passed before, And now with friends and all the blest, With God and Christ and angels rest. I dimly see a weeping train, A pallid form in casket lain, And hymns, and prayers, and words are said: Then in the grave, my silent bed. They weep—'t is human that they should:

I shout for joy beyond the flood. They call me dead, upon that shore, But I'm alive forevermore. Oh, can it be that I'm at home, On pilgrimage no more to roam? Thou triune God, in thee I boast; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Upon his knees the good man died, Away in Afric's burning clime, For whose redemption deep he sighed, And gave his life—a thing sublime. They found him in his lowly cot. Bowed meekly by his bed. In pray'r His soul went out—they knew it not: Angels and God alone were there. To Westminster, with mighty kings. Statesmen and poets of renown, England, in her deep sadness, brings His cold remains, and lavs them down. But stop! she did not bring his heart; 'T was buried 'neath the moula-tree In Ilala: its throbbings start Great Christendom for Africa. Like some strong engine, which propels Through many pipes, from placid lake, The water pure, that each who dwells In the great city may partake, So by his life of toil, though dead, His influence is pushing on. And through the past for good has sped O'er the Dark Continent along. Where rolls the Niger's mighty flood, And Congo pressing to the sea, The voice of prayer is heard by God. And eyes are turned to Calvary.

By Nyanza the hymns of praise
With joy the dusky children sing.
Across the continent the rays
Of golden light are ushering
The gospel day; soon may its light
Dispel the long, deep heathen gloom.
Oh, haste it on, great God of might,
Then shall the desert bud and bloom.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

(Respectfully inscribed to the memory of Frances E. Willard, whose statue was unveiled at Washington, D. C., February 17, 1905.)

This tribute to her well-earned fame— Unsought, spontaneous it came, As waters from the mountain-side Expanding to a river wide. Her Christian zeal, mingled with grace, Went out to save the fallen race. She heard the loud and bitter wail. Thunder and fire, tempest and hail Which follow in the dreadful wake Of that which doth the drunkard make. Pure as the ribbon white, the band To bind together every land, Her heart's great motive was to free From vice, till all were pure as she, The queen of women. She was great As Esther in her royal state, Who took her life within her hand To save the people of her land. Consumed upon the altar pyre, Her soul went up, but holy fire Was left behind, to light the way Of millions to a brighter day.

First among women in that hall, A representative of all The pure and noble of her kind, Who do in her a pattern find. Marble to marble speaketh there, Where silent forms in silence hear, Heroes and statesmen of renown, From former years who have come down, Who gave for liberty and right Their sacred lives; yet she hath might Where they had not, and shall prevail In many ways where they did fail. Thousands will inspiration gain Who walk within that sacred fane. The Westminster of this great land. Where she doth, queen of women, stand.

D. L. MOODY

(Died December 2, 1899.)

"The world is receding," they heard him say,
"Heaven is opening," which he seemed to survey;
And the last he uttered, "God is calling me,"
And his spirit passed to great eternity.

By his living the world has been made better, And through all time will be to him a debtor; His love of truth made life a great devotion; He launched his bark far out into the ocean.

And cast his net for multitudes of fishes; Faith made him strong, and realized his wishes. At length a teacher he became to teachers, A preacher humble at the head of preachers.

They wished to learn the secret of his power, How from the clouds he brought the gracious shower. It is the secret God himself is telling To those alone who make with him their dwelling. It is the Word clothed with the Holy Spirit Which giveth life and power to all who hear it. The secret of the Lord's with all that fear him, He draweth nigh to all who do draw near him.

Jacob at Jabbok, Moses on the mountain, Nearer approached to God, the holy fountain, And unto such he gives his power, prevailing, When they with holy boldness do assail him.

Oh, that his mantle upon others falling May quicken to work in this holy calling, Until to all shall be told the glad story Of a crucified Christ ascended to glory.

BISHOP J. W. HOTT

Though a colossus, meek he stood, Learned, eloquent, wise, and good; A sacrifice for others' weal, He was consumed with holy zeal. He was not old in years, but gray; In thought and deed beyond his day. Each month a year, compared with those Unstable ones who seek repose.

Like Moses, on the mount he stood,
And held communion with his God,
Until his soul was in a flame
To speak the wonders of His name;
While multitudes hung on his word,
Which thrilled, and burned, and strangely stirred
Like winds to waves upon the seas,
Or moving through the forest trees.

In middle life, he journeyed through The Bible lands, that he might view The sacred soil which prophets trod, And where He toiled—the Son of GodSuffered and died, and then arose Victorious o'er all his foes. Sitting at God's right hand to-day He beareth universal sway.

And now he hath gone up to see,
And with his Savior ever be
In fair Jerusalem above,
To learn more perfectly his love.
The seed he sowed along the years,
And watered with his falling tears,
Hath yielded fruit an hundredfold,
And still shall yield as time grows old.

DEATH OF C. M. BALL

It was dark for a moment, and dreamy, The soul was then struggling to fly, And the light of the future was gleamy, And then like the noonday on high.

The sounds of the earth died in the distance; The swell of the music above, Like the waves undisturbed by resistance, Thrill with unspeakable love.

Lo, the domes of the palace are rising,
And clear to his vision unfold
The glory-capped mountains, surprising,
The walls and the city of gold.

Now throngs are streaming through the gates pearly, To conduct with gladness, and show Him his mansion, prepared by Christ early, Awaiting his presence below.

Now he enters his building eternal,
Not alone—many kindred are there,
While his Savior, with glory supernal,
A crown and a robe bids him wear.

He is waiting for dear ones behind him

To come from the country below;

Then weep not, for again you shall find him,

If you follow the way he did go.

A TRIBUTE

(Sacred to the memory of three young ladies connected with Lakeside Assembly, who were drowned in Lake Findley, August, 1900.)

There were three—it was summer-time,
And they had hied away
To shady grove and silver chime,
Where fair Lake Findley lay.

Cradl'd among the verdant hills,
And born of gushing springs
Which pour their wealth of purling rills
As the heart of childhood sings.

Their hearts were full of cheer that day,
For eloquence and song
Had floated 'midst the orchestra
For many days along.

The final week was closing fast, Half-way from noon to night, Their boat upon the waters cast Had reached the island bright.

Like nereids of the days gone by,

They rush into the wave,
As though some magic bade them fly

To fill a wat'ry grave.

No hand could reach, though nigh, Charybdis drew them down, And Death did there in ambush lie With smile instead of frown. With conscious minds, their struggles brief, Life doth past scenes display, It seems not dying, for no grief Beclouds their heavenward way.

I saw three angels in the flood, Who had their guardians been, Who bore their spirits up to God, And with Him shut them in.

A PILGRIM

Rachel Hager Nichols

Close to the crossing-place she stood,
A pilgrim gray with years,
Careworn and seared—the angry flood
At times awakens fears.

But now a smile lights up her face,
For faith the anchor holds,
As now a new supply of grace
The God of heaven unfolds.

"What of the night?" O pilgrim, say;
There gleameth many a star,
And one that ushereth in the day
Is rising from afar.

The morning breaks, and golden light Beneath the clouds unfolds, The fields revealing to the sight Beyond where Jordan rolls.

And gliding down the emerald banks, I flaming chariots see, And all around are shining ranks, And friends are waiting me. The night is gone, the day has come,
The valley all is bright;
I soon shall reach my glorious home,
Good-night to all, good-night.

IDA

Like leaves that fade before their time, Touched early by decay, She passed before she reached her prime, From earth to heaven away.

The house in which she stayed below Was wrecked beyond repair; And thus the soul was forced to go Another home to share.

She crossed the sea, it was not wide, And reached the sunny clime; The waves that kiss the other side With strains of music chime.

The sunrise gate of pearl ajar,
Welcomes her entrance through,
And holy angels meet her there,
With earth-born spirits true.

They guide her up a gold-paved street, With song, and harp, and joy; Unnumbered holy ones they meet, But nothing to annoy.

Before her in its beauty stands,
Where fountains flash their spray,
Her house of God not made with hands,
Which never can decay.

Good-night, dear friend, we hope to meet Some morning at thy home, And with thee walk the golden street, Where parting cannot come.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON

(February 22, 1900.)

We celebrate his birth to-day
Who gave a nation birth;
Though smallest then, now beareth sway
The mightiest of the earth.

Like Moses, when Egyptian night Israel oppressed of old, By God's command he led to light Whom England firm did hold.

Through the long years of bloody strife
He cheered his hero band,
And through them saved the nation's life,
Taking the promised land.

While stars shine out in skies of blue, We will revere his name— Oh, may we to ourselves be true, As he, of wondrous fame.

A hundred years have marked his tomb, And never inspiration given. He lives to-day in our fair home, As well as in his heaven.

He reared his monument by deeds
Scattered in freedom's field,
Watered with blood, the precious seeds
A hundredfold do yield.

Like some great temple wisely planned, In all its parts complete, Immortal he will ever stand, Though storms around him beat.

IDA SNOW-THE DEAD CHILD

A dewdrop of the morning young Upon a rosebud trembling hung, A sunbeam from the king of day Upon it smiled, and wooed away,

And in a cloud of silver set, With golden fringe that bordered it, While rainbow hues of beauty glowed Around it in its bright abode.

So smiled an angel on the child, And bore it to a land more mild; Another pearl gleams in His crown Who won it by his life laid down.

Then suffer them to come to Me, That there they may forever be. Of such my kingdom is on high, Forever blest, no more to die.

Would kindred see the one they love, They must secure the rest above, As little children here become, So said the Builder of that home.

EULOGY OF THE BLIND HUSBAND OVER HIS DECEASED WIFE

And art thou dead, my love, my life, My children's mother and my wife? Who gave me in thy girlhood days, And all along life's varied ways,

Sunshine when darkness, like a pall, Upon my vision shrouded all. When sightless eyes could see no more, My mind thy youthful image bore. As days were passing, one by one, Until thy sands of life were run. Thou hast been eyes unto the blind, And knowledge to the hungry mind. Thy hand hath brushed the tears away, Which from my sightless eyes did stray. Thy voice of sweetness, like a psalm, Hath served my troubled heart to calm. Thy footsteps, soft, I learned to know As thou wert moving to and fro. But all is hushed—I heard them say, At early morn thou went away. Upon the quiet wings of sleep. So hushed, it seemed a wrong to weep, Lest it should mar thy passage o'er The river, to the nightless shore. Rest, dear one, we shall shortly meet: My numbered days I'll soon complete; And then with thee and all the blest Enter upon eternal rest.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE

Like a comet he flashed on the sky,
And the heavens were aglow with his light;
The moon and stars his presence did fly
To the shadows which cover the night.

In his brilliancy such was the man
Who appeared in the midst of his age,
Shooting suddenly out to the van,
Admiration of all to engage.

Ranging quaint fields of biblical lore, Trackless deserts by others untrod, Bringing out of their sands a rich store Of rare jewels, long hidden by God.

Would you witness the scenes of the past, Where the Nilus and Tigris have rolled; The Euphrates, and Jordan, the fast, And Tiber as centuries unfold?

List now to his trump as he cries,
As the clansmen of Roderick arose
From the brake, so quickly arise
The scenes which the ages disclose.

The dynasties come, in their ranks
Kings, princes, and armies of yore,
From valleys with river-fringed banks,
And mountain-tops, ghost-like they pour.

He traversed these lands in his time, Which gave to his being the thrill To paint the great pictures sublime, And move the beholder at will.

See Athens' great center and mart,
Where eloquence lifted her throne,
Philosophy, science, and art
To the world did their wisdom unfold.

The purple-clad Cæsars of Rome,
Who ruled with their iron-strong hands,
In its strength and its weakness behold
The terror and hiss of all lands.

The shades of her captives appear,
Who with beasts and each other did fight;
The shouts from the galleries you hear,
Express of fiendish delight.

He sailed the same sea, trod the same shore Which the Word in humanity trod; Calvary climbed, stained with His gore, A pledge of the great love of God.

By the scenes he describes he displays
The forces of sin and of grace,
And throws on his canvas the rays
Benignant, which gleam from God's face.

Thus armed and in battle array,
Goes forth against Satan and sin,
Bombarding by night and by day,
And routing the forces within.

He points to the galleries above,
And the millions beholding the fight,
Angels—spirits made perfect in love,
With Christ giving courage and might.

Hark! the blast of his trump bringeth out The angels who sang at the birth Of the heavens and earth, and did shout Great shouts from their balconies forth.

He takes you at will through the gate,
And points out the scenes of that land
Which all of the holy await,
Where beauty shall ever expand.

Like the comet he hasted away— His raiment is bright as the sun Which eternity hath for its day, Servant of God, "Well done, well done."

CADMAN

"Beautiful! beautiful!" He saw the gleam And said, "How beautiful beyond the stream!" He stood one foot on life's retiring shore And dipped the other in the wave before.

A moment halting 'twixt two worlds, he stood And saw the glory shining o'er the flood. With breath expiring, these glad words come back, To cheer his friends upon life's sloping track.

Full "threescore years and ten," the allotted time By God was given in this lower clime, As an ambassador for Christ, he cried, And with his fellow-soldiers, side by side,

The battles fought, which all His servants fight 'Gainst sin, trusting in Christ for might. His comrade, pressing him, with snowy hair, Will overtake, and soon be with him there.

O God of grace, give them the strength and pow'r Like Him to triumph in the latest hour, And safely reach the glory shining shore, Of all the ransomed who have gone before.

L. McINTYRE (ERIE CONFERENCE)

I saw him in his youthful days, His was a fiery zeal, And all his soul was in a blaze With love of others' weal.

I saw him as a herald mount
His chariot, while his steed,
As whirlwind, from ethereal fount,
Did ever onward speed.

I heard his voice, I heard his song, Impressive as it rose, While multitudes around him throng, In rapturous repose.

As years went on, he with them flew, Till curves and streaks of gray Declared that life was almost through, But still he dashed away.

He reached the barrier at last,
The confines of earth's shore,
Paused but a moment, and then passed
The turbid waters o'er.

I looked in vision, and again,
Beyond the rolling flood,
He climbed the hill, and reached the plain
Fast by the throne of God.

He took his harp and joined the song Which all the ransomed sing, "Glory and praise to Him belong, Our prophet, priest, and king."

CASUALTIES

THE CYCLONE AT ST. LOUIS (1896)

There was no breath of stirring air
To cool the heated sky,
But all becalmed and all seemed fair,
None dreamed of danger nigh.

The multitudes were surging on
In their accustomed ways—
Business and pleasure—each had gone,
As in the former days.

Just now on the horizon's brim, The clouds are moving slow; Like troops for battle mustering, And quickening as they go.

From out their darkened front now leaps
A strange destructive form,
Which like the electric current sweeps,
'T is the mighty king of storm.

Around it played the lightnings free, The thunders rolled, terrific, loud, While sheeted rain poured fearfully From the dark, pall-like cloud.

Eastward the mighty city stands,
Like Babylon of old,
The joy and beauty of the lands
Through which Euphrates rolled.

So rolled the sire of waters great,
Where ships majestic glide;
On either side, in either State
Extends the city wide.

The fearful giant strides along,
Defiance in his look,
Then by his strength the fabric strong
To fragments soon he shook,

And hurled them in confusion wild,
Mingled with groans of dying men;
The tender maid, the little child—
All were his playthings then.

Then dashing to the river's breast,
He lifted high the waves,
And plunged the ships beneath the crest,
With all their crews, in watery graves.

Now ravages the other shore—Behold his dreadful path!
As grass is felled by the fleet mower,
So glides he in his wrath.

Stilled are a thousand hearts in death;
Appalled the living stand,
All pale with fear—O God! their breath
Thou holdest in thy hand.

Then what is man before thy power?

His strongholds which he trusts,
The work of years, in one short hour
Thou layest in the dust.

And what is life? The rich, the great, With those of low degree, All, all must on thy pleasure wait, Such is thy stern decree.

Teach us in every providence
Upon thee to rely,
And wait thy time to call us hence—
Prepare us, Lord, to die.

And when prepared to die, we know We are prepared to live And work in these thy courts below, Where we may grace receive.

It matters not when thou shalt call, In what way we are slain, Whether in youth or age we fall— We fall to rise again.

ESCAPE OF THE SLAVE MOTHER

(Taken from "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

She learned at eventide his fate,
Which she had feared through all the day,
For a rude stranger until late,
In business talk prolonged his stay.

Her master to the stranger sold Her darling boy. At early morn She had been by her people told, He to a distance would be borne.

That was a sleepless night to her; Sadness did all her rest destroy; Not to the lad in slumber there— In ignorance to him there's joy.

She plans, in her deep anxious hours, An early flight for freedom's land. "Strengthen, O God, my feeble powers, And guide by thy almighty hand." Before the morning star she rose, Whispered his fate unto the lad; Her plans to him in part disclose, One final, deep resolve she had:

With him to live, or with him die.
She clasped him, and in quiet haste
Did to'ards the broad Ohio fly,
While her pursuers swiftly chase.

The surging river frowns before,
With broken ice—what can she do?
Pause, and they're taken on the shore;
To venture seems but death in view.

She leaps upon the shattered ice,
While her pursuers stand aghast;
From cake to cake, with stride precise,
Until the shore is reached at last.

But scarcely had she ventured on, When all along the rearward shore The border that she first stepped on From its frail moorings tore.

And she had only landed when

The ice last trodden, too, gave way;

All the great mass was sweeping then,

As though some potent power did sway.

From either side, as by a spell,
Do the spectators wildly gaze;
And now begin the cheer and yell,
Her daring deed aloud to praise.

All softened by her kindred love, Her master says, "She shall be free; Mother and son, such peril strove, Have richly earned their liberty."

DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO BY AN EARTHQUAKE

(April 18, 1906.)

The sun went down an orb of fire On old Pacific's breast, His burnished rays on hill and spire Flash golden from the west.

The sea-breeze fanned the city's brow,
The aroma of flowers
In incense waves is floating now,
And hope fills all the hours.

Imposing domes, with stately mien, Greet the beholder's eye, While fountains flash to gild the scene, As rainbows gild the sky.

The din is hushed, and silence deep Pervades the mighty throng, Save where the trains, that never sleep, Their wonted course move on.

What means this sudden rush and cry Before the dawning of the day? An earthquake wakens, and they fly In terror every way.

What pen can tell that sudden change, From quiet to alarms, From peaceful dreams to frenzy strange, Seeking protection's arms?

Like drunkards reeling to the ground,
The massive structures fall,
While scores and hundreds here are found,
Buried by crumbling wall.

The tongues of fire are leaping high—
It seems the day of doom.
The storm hath drunk the cisterns dry
From whence relief should come.

The dynamite its swath doth mow To stop the raging fire, Or all will as an oven glow, As one great funeral pyre.

An hour has made the millionaire
Dependent for his bread;
His couch the earth, like beast in lair,
The sky his coverlid.

All noble hearts are touched with grief, In this and every land, And sister cities give relief With willing heart and hand.

Kind Father, let thy blessings fall; Thou art compassionate; Thy ways mysterious are all, And yet thy love is great.

THE MONUMENTAL TREE

In manhood's prime the stranger sat,
The storm was raging fierce without;
For twenty miles the fierce combat
He'd met along his weary route.
Half of the tedious journey done,
And he had tarried for the night;
Fiercer the storm at morn begun,
But he was bound that he would fight
The piercing wind and falling snow,
Though kindly asked and urged to stay
Until the storm subside; but, "No.

I'll reach my home this very day, And the Almighty can't prevent." When this he said his voice was loud. As if to hush each element By his defiance stern and proud. He dashes on with giant strength, Making his own laborious path Through mountain gorges, and at length Reaches the summit wild with wrath. Deep and more deep the treacherous snow, And still the reinforcements come. Another vale and steep will show Through the veiled storm his longed-for home. His strength is failing, but his will Is like the howling tempest strong; He rallies, and has reached the hill, Exhausted, all his strength is gone. The wreathing smoke before his eyes From his own cottage now appears, And then a voice, as from the skies, Breaks with alarm into his ears. "Who art thou that doth God defy, Who gave thee life and can recall? Thou shalt not reach thy home, though nigh. But here by Death 'midst snows shalt fall." They found him, when the storm was o'er, Beneath a solitary tree, And to his home of sadness bore— Let it to all a warning be. That tree became his monument, And scores, to it on pilgrimage, Inscribed on it, for the event, Some warning word that might engage Attention from the passerby, To show the path the boaster trod.

141

And teach, while all must shortly die, They all should seek and reverence God.

MISCELLANEOUS

SMALL THINGS

A moment is a little thing;
By adding it will grow to hours
And centuries, and milleniums bring,
Till to eternity it towers.

How small the dewdrop of the morn, Kissed by a smiling solar ray; Of it the springs and brooks are born, River and lake, sea, ocean, bay.

A particle of dust—how small!
Increasing, see the aggregate—
Islands and vales, plains, mountains tall,
All worlds—the universe how great!

So life is filled up with demands,
As one by one they to us press
They touch our hearts and ask our hands,
A thousand evils to redress.

Little by little truth appears,
From childhood even to old age,
Along the moments, days, and years
The novice may become a sage.

Then save the fragments, they are sands Of gold; if treasured, by and by They will increase a hundredfold, And make you rich beyond the sky.

WAITING FOR THE BOATMAN

I hear the rush of the sounding waves
That dash from the other shore,
I see the boatman as he laves
In the foaming tide his oar.

I wait my threescore years and ten
For the signal to depart,
Why fear to leave the haunts of men
And hail another mart?

My pilgrimage on earth has been
A scene of hopes and fears—
Conflicts with Satan, self, and sin,
Along the fleeting years.

And now that my release is nigh,
I hail with joy the day
When I shall say to earth, "Good-by,"
And sail for heaven away.

The friends of other years are there, Who started out with me; I long their company to share, And all the ransomed see.

With angels, who their first estate

Have kept, and ministers have been
To all amid their conflicts great,

And helped their crowns to win.

But, more than all, I want to view The One that died for me, And give to him the glory due, Through all eternity.

SINS OF THE TONGUE

Thou art accused of evil done.
Stand up, O Tongue, and hear
What thine accuser, Truthful One,
Shall speak into thine ear.

With foolishness I charge thee first; Each idle spoken word Is a betrayal of the trust Committed by thy Lord.

Next, angry, hasty words by thee, Like coals of living fire, Have set in flame and caused to flee Many a good desire.

Tale-bearing hath been thy delight; Eager for all the news— Domestic, public—then with flight, Both far and nigh diffuse.

With falsehood thou art charged—a crime
Which many doth molest.
In every age and every clime
Good people all detest.

Profanity, that horrid sin
Against the God of heaven;
Most wicked, yet can never bring
One earthly good when given.

Those words obscene, in public said, Polluting those that hearken, I have against thee now arrayed, Greater thy soul to darken.

Defiant words at wisdom hurled, When warned to turn from folly, Forsake the foolish, wicked world, And seek the pure and holy.

Ad infinitum are thy wrongs
Against thyself and others;
Dark punishment to thee belongs,
Which all thy future covers.

Out of thy mouth thou art condemned;
But cease the words that harden,
And come to Christ, the sinner's friend,
Where thou shalt find a pardon.

A word from the Eternal Word Can drive away thy madness, And praise for bitterness afford, Filling thy mouth with gladness.

The tongue no mortal man can tame,
Though he hath tamed the lion,
And every beast of every name
With his deep skill complying.

Yet mightier than an angel's skill Must sieze and tame this evil, And break the iron, stubborn will, Perverted by the devil.

That power hath Christ, and he alone, (For there is none that's greater).

Then touch the cross, and from the throne,
But just a moment later,

A holy tongue of fire will fall,
And new, grand words be spoken.
And a new name for those who call,
The everlasting token.

TRUE MANHOOD

To be a man has meaning deep;
Below the sand, upon the rock
He stands, with purpose firm to keep
Unmoved by selfish ends. No shock
From envy's blast; no smile of gain
Can move him from his purpose firm;

No flat'rer from the pompous train, No terror from the cloud of storm. One object only he beholds, And that is honor to his God, And this performed, at once unfolds Respect for all the race abroad. Where duty calls, at once he goes, Nor asks what the results may be, But seeks the weal of friends and foes, Trusting in God, who all can see. In ancient days the prophet sought For such a one in Salem's streets, But all his labor proved but naught; There's none in all the throngs he meets. The greatest need of this, our day, Is manhood, at its best to fight With crime and sin in every way, Valiant for truth, for truth is might.

NURSING TROUBLE

A trouble is born—the mother is wild; She tenderly nurses the darling child; From it seldom, if ever, goes away, But it seems to her more dear each day.

All who approach her the story must hear, Whether it may or may not please the ear; It seems she delights in nothing but this—Robbed of it would be robbing her of bliss.

With her troubles she troubles many more, Grows sadder and sadder telling it o'er, But this is the course that many do take, Though wisdom advises that course to forsake.

Our troubles, though legion, better 't would be To send away in the swine to the sea, Then let them possess, as he was possessed, Till Christ, in his compassion, gave him rest. He will give comfort and richly supply Grace for each trouble, and cause it to fly. Then let us approach him in faith and pray'r, And cast, as he says, upon him our care.

LITTLE SINS

A mighty ship went forth to sea;
Its oaken planks were clad with steel,
Its future seemed a century,
But short-lived was its zeal.

One day, when winds were moderate
And fair above the open sky,
It fell to pieces—ruin great!
Inquiry seeks the reason why.

A nail-hole through the sheeting strong Reveals the oaken plank, when, lo! A little insect comes along, Enters, and proves its overthrow.

It gnaws and multiplies within,
And honeycombs each sturdy plank,
And this shows how a little sin
Will sink the soul as the ship sank.

Then let no idle thoughts have place
In that great heart of thine,
Ask God to fill it with his grace,
And make of it a holy shrine.

An evil thought, an evil word,
An evil deed at length will bring,
And end in murder by the sword,
All from what seemed a little thing.

A little spark—how great a fire— A dwelling and a town in flame! So kindles oft a base desire, Ending in everlasting shame.

DUTY AND EVENTS

Duty is thine; then promptly go
Where God commandeth thee;
Thou mayest not the reason know,
This no excuse should be.

Enough to know 't is not in vain To be in His employ; Why should a living man complain Whom God hath promised joy?

Obedience to him is great;
To thee it may seem small,
Yet He can truly estimate,
Who sees the "sparrow fall."

Events belong to Him alone; In his own time and way He makes his plan of mercy known Through "vessels made of clay."

The "weak things" of the world he takes
The mighty to confound.
By these the brazen image breaks,
By these to powder ground.

Through these his truth shall clearly shine
In all its glory bright;
He is the fountain, all divine,
From which his church gives light.

THE KINGDOM OF MIND

In the kingdom of mind, the will is king,
What he wills to be done is law;
Though reason objections may bring,
And judgment find many a flaw.

The true recorder is memory there,
Writing at once the actions down,
While conscience, the record scanning with care,
Stamps with her approval or frown.

This king of the mind to a higher King Must yield to know how to decide; His will to the will of the Higher bring, And by his decision abide.

While the judgment and the reason must be With conscience and mem'ry refined, In one grand harmony thus to agree, All controlled by the Higher Mind.

The kingdom below and kingdom above,
Through Christ to the soul shall be given,
And while on earth shall enjoy the same love
Of the saints and angels in heaven.

Then yield all thy powers to the Higher Mind, To enlighten and cleanse from sin, Thy heart his temple, which he hath refined, To dwell by his Spirit within.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

"Am I my brother's keeper, say?
To keep myself in the right way
Is more than I have power to do;
Then why this double task pursue?
If he will sin, then let him die,

And answer to his God on high. Is he in want, why should I give My food and raiment to relieve?" Nay, Christian watchman, talk not so; 'T is thine the trumpet loud to blow, And warn the brother of the harm, Arouse and fill him with alarm, And strive to rescue every way; 'T is God commands thee, then obey. If he shall heed and turn (saith He), His soul from thralldom shall be free. Think! shouldst thou turn him from his way. And he should reach the land of day, What a rich trophy it will be To swell thy bliss eternally. More glorious than a worldly crown, Than all earth's riches and renown. A soul for Christ by valor won, And the high eulogy, "Well done!"

CAN I FORGET HIM?

Nay, I cannot forget Him
Who opened my eyes to see,
He is my sole dependence
As on the moments flee,

I breathe the air He giveth,
My life is in his hand,
My daily bread he granteth,
And in his strength I stand.

He giveth sight for seeing, And beauties to behold; He gave me ears for hearing His wondrous wisdom told.

The stars of night remind me,
The golden sun by day,
And every voice from nature
Hath marvelous things to say.

I read the sacred pages,
And learn his ways more clear,
As from the truthful story
Of grace divine I hear.

Forget him! Can I ever,
Who died to ransom me,
In whom I have my being,
And ever hope to be?

But some have eyes and see not; Ears, but they do not hear; Hearts they have, but feel not,— O God, to them appear!

Illuminate their vision,
And dullness take away;
Oh, touch their hearts with feeling,
And teach them to obey.

SIN

Three letters form that simple word Which heaven and earth and hell has stirred. It shook the thrones and princedoms high, When born of Satan in the sky.

And devils made of holy ones, The first-born of creation's sons, First discord in the harmony Of nature, and of Deity.

It swept to earth, blasted lay—Fair Eden, on that dreadful day. In embryo a world was lost,
To be redeemed; but, oh, the cost!

Sin dug the pit, and made the path, And Christ must taste the dreadful wrath Which Justice poureth from his urn, That sinners may to God return. Graves are the footprints made by sin On battlefields where Death doth win. And shall o'er all the race prevail, And sadden earth with one deep wail.

Thou enemy of man and right, Ever victorious in the fight, Till Christ the mighty foe assails, And for the trusting one prevails.

Sin, with thy mighty throng at last, With all thy ruined shall be east Into the prison-house of woe, For Christ thy kingdom shall o'erthrow.

THAT CLIME

I've heard it said there is a clime Beyond the shores of earth and time, Where spirits, free from sin and care, May dwell in peace forever there. They say there is no want or pain, None ever murmur or complain; No discord in that anthem great Which doth redemption celebrate. No winter, with its ice and snow, But balmy breezes and the glow Of sunny skies forever shine. Lit by a radiance all divine. No graves are there, for death is not Permitted to invade that spot. The trees of life on either side Of that great river, long and wide. I've heard them tell of streets of gold. And mansions beauteous to behold. Awaiting all the purified Who reach from earth the other side. Some say there is a mountain there

Rising majestic in the air,
And multitudes in robes of white,
With harps and songs in praise unite.
I've thought, of late, I'd like to go
And see the Christ that loved me so,
With all my friends upon that shore,
And live with them forever more.
I've been a long time on the way,
My sight is dim, I'm old and gray;
Homesick and jaded in the race,
I long to reach that holy place.
O God, uphold me by thy hand,
For only in thy strength I stand;
I would not be a castaway—
Forbid it, God, I pray, I pray.

TROUBLE AND PRAYER

Though opposites they seem to stand, Like brothers they go hand in hand. While trouble prompts to earnest prayer, Prayer brings the grace needed to bear.

While trouble gains in strength each day, More strength is given them to pray. While grace, proportioned to the power, Is given to them every hour.

And that which seems to be a foe, God's power to help doth clearly show To those who trials do endure, As gold is purified, they're pure.

This partnership will not be done Until the race on earth is run, And they have reached the country where There are no ills to prompt to prayer.

THREE LINKS OF A RUSTY CHAIN

I found three rusty links of chain, Returning from the spring, A pail of water to obtain, And to the kitchen bring. Deep in the soil they had been hid, Till by the plow exhumed; My thoughts went out as they were bid, And inquiry presumed To ask, What hath their history been? They're well along in years, Where in the past did they begin, And where their linky peers? What Vulcan forged the lengthy chain In the ancestral time. With iron nerves, 'mid sweat and flame, Hammer and anvil's chime? How many logs from sturdy trees. Cut down by sturdy men, Who lifted axes up with ease. Which made them famous then? Encircled hath it moved away, Made fast to yoke by ring, When oxen power, in that slow day, O'er every power was king. Where are the Anakims of toil Who bound and loosed the chain? And cleared the land and tilled the soil In Frugal's simple reign? Like Rip Van Winkle, open wide Your sleepy eyes. Behold The changes great, on every side. As they to you unfold. Simplicity has long been dead: Pride, fashion, and display Are moving rapid in her stead. Increasing every day. We draw our loads on rails of steel, By horses fed on fire

And boiling drink—no harm they feel, But smoke and steam perspire. We write in haste by telegraph. And talk by telephone. Which in your youth they did not have, To make their wishes known. The printing-press, an awkward thing Back in your childhood days, Is mighty now the news to bring. And send like sunny rays. Thousands of new inventions cry, "Ours is the fast-age time. We walk no more, but run and fly, Like rushing spheres sublime." Your work, though done for aye, will last, Historically remain. Linking the present, future, past, The great eventful chain.

THE PLATFORM AND PEN

Among the mightiest powers of men, Behold the platform and the pen! Like giant twins, they, hand in hand, Explore and traverse every land. Thrones have been shaken by their power, And tyrants in their presence cower; Shackles are broken from the slave, Like ropes of sand by ocean wave.

And ignorance before them flies, Like clouds by winds along the skies, While idols fall on heathen shores, As light from these effulgence pours. The pen bring out, the platform hurls Its molten rings which build the world, And clothes in beauty, green, and gold, As in the Eden state of old. The pen comes marching down through time And notes historic every clime. From age to age it hath brought down The wisdom and the high renown Of hero, poet, statesman, sage, Increasing light with every age, And the beginning, by and by, Unto the ending, it will tie, And then, and then—and not till then, Will all thy power be known, O pen.

VALUE OF THE SOUL

Were the vast earth a globe of gold, The moon a diamond bright, The sun a ruby—wealth untold! A gem each star of night— All these would be as worthless clay Contrasted with the soul. Can you afford to lose it? Nay. Let Christ have its control. Let it be hid with him in God; The price it cost was dear: Not gold and silver, but his blood. It doth not yet appear What it shall be in that great day Which shall the plan complete, When skies and earth have passed away, And we our Savior meet. We shall be like Him—glorious thought! O God, our hearts inspire To love Him who our pardon bought, And fill with holy fire.

SILENT FORCES

The mightiest forces are not they Which thunder, rage, and foam, Like tempests and Niagara, As madly on they roam. The sunbeam hath a mightier pow'r
To lift, expand, and draw
Where valleys lie and mountains tower,
And frozen realms to thaw.

The frost seems but a tiny thing, How quietly it goes, And o'er the night his mantle flings, And lakes and streams are froze.

He splits the massive rocks in twain, And works a thousand ways, From pictures on the window-pane To bergs of polar seas.

The dew, the light, the rain—What blessings do they bring, As silently, on hill and plain,
Their wealth and beauty spring.

The wondrous power of gravity,
Which mighty spheres obey,
Moving in silent harmony
In far-off space away.

But there are mightier forces still Within the human mind, Thought, the strange offspring of the will, With all its powers combined.

The wonders wrought within its halls, In silence, all alone, For deepest admiration calls Wherever they are known.

The toy, the pyramid, the fane,
And all that art hath done,
Did their first impetus obtain
By thought in patience won.

Philosophy in all its forms,
And science deep as seas,
And high as heaven beyond the storms,
Are but thy offspring—these.

Then poetry and painting came,
And music from thy skill,
Ten thousand things of every name
Which please, and move, and thrill.

When travel comes and bids depart,
What can winds and lightnings do?
Thou canst outstrip them to the mart
Which thou dost journey to.

Yet there are forces greater still God's spirit doth control In human hearts, which strangely thrill Each fiber of the soul.

The grace that strengthens, every hour From childhood, builds the man,
As from the acorn small doth tower
The oak by nature's plan.

The still, small voice Elijah heard In Horeb's awful cave More deeply hath his spirit stirred Than all the storms that rave.

O power invisible, move on, Till sin and Satan fall, Salvation flow where these have gone, And Christ be all in all.

WHEN THE OLD MAN DIES

"Away with work, what do I care?
There'll be enough for me;
Ten thousand dollars for each heir
Is a nice sum, you see.

Yes, 't will be a happy time—but stop! Such talk might some surprise; Of course, for him a tear I'll drop— Rich when the old man dies!"

Thus spoke a profligate, one day,
By drink and leisure wrecked;
The old man's cash he used this way,
And lost for him respect.
And that he might have more to spend,
Impatiently he sighs,
"'T will be no better till the end,
When the old man—yes—dies."

The old man dies at last, with years,
But not so with the son,
A wreck in middle life appears,
By old man's wealth undone.
Ungrateful to the grave he goes,
Devoid of human ties,
From wealth, I said, great evil flows
To those who are unwise.

Young man, if riches you desire,
Go out and gather them,
By industry you may acquire,
The tide then bravely stem.
Don't wait for the old man to die—
Shame on such meanness, shame!
Your dollars earn, and you'll know why,
And how to use the same.

Old men, do good with what you get
While journeying along,
The less you leave, the more they'll set
By you when you are gone.
'T is sad that friends impatiently
Should wait for the supplies
Gathered by toil so faithfully
Until the old man dies.

DYING RICH

I have been told, in the land of gold, Many long years ago,

A stranger found, while looking 'round, Within a crevice low,

A shining mass, whose weight, alas! Was greater than his strength;

By it he stayed, being afraid To leave it, when at length

There came, one day, a man that way, Offring to give him bread

For treasure bright, before his sight, But the possessor said,

"From poverty I've not been free, Until this lucky hour,

And though I die, I will stay by This treasure in my power."

A millionaire, he perished there, Gold did his soul bewitch.

Though poor, in hell with Dives to dwell, Died as he wished to—rich.

Reader, to you, if false or true,
The story I have told,

Do not rely, until you die, For happiness on gold,

Unless it be the gold that He
Of Nazareth can give.

Of this possessed, thou shalt be blessed, And rich forever live.

BIRTH OF LA GRIPPE

Away in the Russias I was born, My swaddling band was snow,

My cry with the shricking winds of morn Did forth in terror go.

In the frost and ice I loved to dwell, Their fetters my delight;

I sieze my victims, and they tell At once my giant might. To every land where winter reigns, I haste with joy away, Among the mountains, hills, and plains To revel night and day. The young I do not grasp severe. But those in middle life. And on with each advancing year, Oft meet in deadly strife. And should I fail (sometimes I do) To make the case severe, I have a thousand ills in view, Which, when I call, appear. I am the root on which to graft The ail that suits me best: The winds to me will quickly waft The scion I request. Should it be fever, it will come, Or stern rheumatic pain, Or heart disease or palsy dumb. Or the inflaming of the brain; Pneumonia, that dread ail, Will follow in my wake. And with the aged seldom fail A fatal case to make. To all who may resist my power, And think I've fled in fear, Ye may not know the day or hour When I'll again appear. And each attack, though weak or hard, Will sure affect the walls, As when an army doth bombard Until the city falls.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF MAN

Astonishment bewildered stands,
The wondrous works of man to view,
Traversing oceans and all lands,
And scanning heaven's expanse of blue.

From mightiest world in space afar, To microscopic atom, he Hears nature's anthem, without jar Or discord in her harmony.

He second causes from the first
Correctly brings by well-sought laws,
Till wonders on the vision burst,
And each effect from its own cause.
Lightnings come leaping from their lair,
And harnessed to his car sublime,
Go at his bidding everywhere,
Annihilating space and time.

He finds the secret of the storm,
And on the silent wings of fire
He heralds its terrific form,
That men may mitigate its ire.
Now turns his thoughts within, to find
The marvels of his being great,
That trinity—life, soul, and mind—
As one great whole—the present state.

That mind hath powers he cannot bound,
That soul demands he cannot meet;
In nature's realm there is not found
Congenial food for it to eat.
Must there not be a better land,
Beyond time's ever-restless wave,
Where fruits will meet this great demand
And satisfy and bless and save?

O Son of God, thy matchless skill
Hath sought and found that better land,
And brought the news the soul to thrill,
Reaching to guide thy helping hand.
A voice from heaven breaks on the ear,
"Come, every one who will, explore
That brighter realm, beginning here,
And stretching on forevermore."

Oh, pass not with indifference by
This mightiest of works abroad,
Revealed in Christ who came to die,
To show the race the way to God.
Repentance deep and faith in Him
Will give the soul that inner light,
Though, like the morning twilight dim,
I may increase to noonday bright.

And shining o'er Death's chilling flood
Will reach the nightless land,
Lit by the radiant throne of God,
Where all the ransomed stand
In robes of white with crowns of gold,
With palms and harps attuned to song,
Redemption's song, which will unfold
The mighty years of God along.

THE ICICLE

Drop by drop, on a wintry day,
By heat and cold it grows,
Suspended from the eaves, it may
In purity repose
If pure the liquid it congeals;
If it be otherwise,
A sullied picture it reveals,
Like somber clouds of skies.

APPLY.

So character is formed each day
By thought, and word, and deed,
From childhood on it hath no stay,
Till death shall end its speed.
If we would have a record pure
As raindrops from the skies,
We must by proper thoughts secure,
And build with motives wise.

THE THRONE OF GOD

Is it some realm in space afar, Beyond the light of distant star, Some center in the realm profound, Which mighty systems wheel around? The home where angels congregate, Returning from their missions great To distant worlds which people space, On embassies of love and grace?

The city built, O God, by thee, Far off in deep eternity, Where palaces of beauty rise With domes, majestic, to the skies? The pen of mortal cannot tell—Thy glories are ineffable, Nor could the angels' tongues unfold That which their spirit eyes behold.

Be hushed, my soul, with sacred awe, And filial fear, as thou dost draw Towards the throne, the mercy-seat, Approach it with unsandaled feet. Mercy through Christ will here be given At last to reach the throne in heaven, To see what here thou cannot see, And be what here thou cannot be, And know what here cannot be known From Him who sitteth on the throne.

WELCOME TO OUR PASTOR

We greet with gladness again,
Returning unto us once more,
To sow and to garner the grain;
Two crops he hath garnered before,

We trust that the harvest this year
Will exceed the rich yield of the past;
May the prospect disarm every fear,
As the bountiful seed shall be cast.

As Aaron and Hur, on each side
Of Moses, did hold up his hands,
When Joshua turned the war tide,
And routed the Amalek bands—

We will, with our prayers and our means,
As the days to the future go by,
Whether cloudy or sunny the scenes,
To encourage thee ever be nigh.

Thou, Lord of the harvest, give ear!

Thou God of the battle, draw nigh,
Guide the arrow, the sword, and the spear,
Until "Victory!" thy people shall cry.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW

Of the much there is to know,
How little can be known.
Increasing light seems but to show
The vastness of the zone.

The little eye may proudly boast
Of scenes which it surveys,
How narrow seems its widest coast
By telescopic rays.

The skies seem sprinkled, here and there, With diamond points of light, These to the greater eye appear Vast suns immensely bright. And these reveal a mightier space, Unbounded by a shore. How little man, in such a place, Lost in the evermore!

Thanks be to God for light to see
The need of sins forgiven,
And way by which the lost may flee
To Christ and enter heaven.

Such wisdom will outweigh the spheres, And higher lift the soul, As onward the eternal years Of Deity shall roll.

THE FATHER OF LIGHTS

God is light, the Father of lights, In him is no darkness at all. He maketh the days dawn after the nights. And revealeth his glory to all. The orbs of the heavens are but rays From that orb, the wonderful God; All knowledge that nature displays By science where research hath trod; All heaven is lit by his face: It floodeth the city of gold, And dashing away, on waves of grace, The billows to earth have been rolled. When the darkness of sin was deep As chaotic matter, he said. "Let there be light," and its sweep On wings of the morning was sped. Then Christ the great fountain appeared, To light all who come to the light, And their minds from darkness he cleared By his glad presence ever bright.

A THORN IN THE FLESH

There is a thorn in every heart, Which goads each day afresh. In vain we ask it to depart. And leave the bleeding flesh. We plead with God to take away, He turns from us his face In kindness, but we hear him say, "Sufficient is my grace." That messenger, whate'er it be, Rebukes our foolish pride, That we our littleness may see. And more in God confide. It brings to us supplies of grace. At evening, noon, and morn, Which in us would have had no place. Save for the goading thorn.

THINGS THAT MAR

The things which never happened are,
As seen by our ideal,
Serve oft our happiness to mar
Far more than all the real.

The hills which in the distance rise, Our fancy rears to mountains Whose tops are lost amid the skies, And oceans swell from fountains.

Our fears, like telescopes, increase
The dangers we are eying,
And thus our hearts are robbed of peace,
And filled with doubt and sighing.

To-morrow's fancied trials we, Before they come, are sharing; Such foolish creatures oft we be, This double burden bearing.

Forgive us, Lord, our follies past, Each trial make a blessing, Our burdens all on thee we cast, Our follies great confessing.

FAITH AND WORKS

The boatman started out To reach the other shore, When a dispute about Which was the better oar Arose between the two; The right-hand one was faith, The left hand said to do The greater mission hath. Faith, which the right hand clasped, Said, "I can bring to land, Nor use the one you clasp So firm with your left hand." Obedient to the other's voice. The oar inactive lies. When faith full force employs. But in a circle hies. Then works with taunting said, "Be still, and let me try." But he no progress made. The oarsman then did ply. In unison they go. And soon they reach the shore. By this should pilgrims know How to be carried o'er. Faith without works is dead. It cannot live alone. Like spirit to the body wed, Husband and wife as one.

UP THE AGES

As step by step the pyramid Reaches its altitude. So age by age the treasures hid. Though in their caverns crude. Shall be unfolded to the skill Of the determined mind: For mighty is the human will Great nature's truths to find. One generation leaves its light For that which shall succeed: From star to moon and sunshine bright Accelerating speed. What shall the brilliant climax be In the last age of time, When knowledge, like a mighty sea, Inundates every clime? I cannot say, I do not know, His being is profound, God in his wisdom made it so. And none but he can bound.

BUOYS OF THE SEA

They float upon the ocean wave,
Held by their anchors firm, to show
The mariner, and warn and save
From rocks and shoals concealed below,

Where many a gallant ship was lost,
Which, venturesome, at random sailed,
And learned, too late, the fearful cost
By carelessness they had entailed.

APPLY.

The buoys upon life's varied sea
The dangers mark, and plainly tell
Of dreadful wrecks, and warn to flee
The path where daring sinners fell.

Such were the Sodomites of old,
And all the cities of the plain—
Through all the ages to unfold
God's vengeance in the fiery rain.

O'er all the dreary desert sea,

They mark the way for forty years,
Lest others should rebellious be,
By murmurings and guilty fears.

What need we further to relate?

The past emphatically unfolds
Each punishment—a warning great
To him who candidly beholds.

Where nations sank—Assyria,
Egypt, the famed, with Greece and Rome,
With Judah in an evil day,
In Palestine, his cherished home.

These warnings are to shun the rock
On which they split—distrust in God—
Lest, shivered by the dreadful shock,
In fragments they be strewn abroad.

Thus buoys are floating everywhere
Since man, deceived, from virtue fell,
Warning him ever to beware,
And shun the way that leads to hell.

Sin hath a thousand rocks and shoals
Concealed beneath its treacherous waves,
To wreck and ruin careless souls,
Which, wisdom heeded, gladly saves.

Ambition, pride, and worldly gain, With all the base desires that rise, Nothing but grace can these restrain, Only in heeding, safety lies.

THE ANGEL AT THE GATE

The angel stood at the pearly gate
When a stranger from the earth
Did for admittance humbly wait,
Who seemed of royal birth.
The angel said, "Whence comest thou,
And why admittance claim?
Not every one that knocketh here
Can an admittance gain."

He said: "I am of Adam's line,
And just have crossed the sea
That separates the shores of time
From great eternity.
I heard, when on the other side,
There was a city fair,
Where sin and death cannot divide
The loved ones dwelling there.

"I've kindred of the long ago
Who are within these gates,
Whose parting words were (when below),
'For God my spirit waits.'
My mother and my father, dear,
Sisters and brothers, too,
I'm sure are waiting for me here,
Please let me enter through."

"Have you no higher claim to bring
Than that your friends are here?
Have you no passports from your king
To show your character?"
"I have no merit of my own,
I offer but one plea—
I trust in Christ and him alone,
Because he died for me."

At this the gate was open thrown,
And now a shining one
Doth him before the Father own,
It is the eternal Son.
He mingles with the mighty throng,
And meets his kindred there;
He sings with them the heavenly song,
And basks in beauties rare.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

The now doth but a moment last, Born from the future to the past; Man lives between these boundless seas, A narrow strait connecting these.

We call it time; we talk of years; In fragments, only, each appears; The hours, and days, and moons go by As motes which in the ether fly.

The present flows into the past, Where all events of time are cast, And yet it is unsatisfied, So deep, so vast on every side.

Since worlds began to people space, And man on earth began his race, Down to the present, who can tell The scenes which did the record swell?

Empires, with all their grand display Of wealth and power, have passed away, And still are passing, as doth flee The rivers to the mighty sea. And shall the present ever close In the beyond of joys or woes? And shall the future ever cease In that vast realm of pain or peace?

No; though the earth hath passed away, While being lasts, which lasts for aye, New scenes will come of weal or woe, And to the past forever flow.

FIGHTING THE BAD FIGHT

A rider rough, for Satan bold, I saw in brazen mail; His face is turned to his stronghold, Though forces right assail.

His conscience all enlightened stood,
And bade him change his ways,
Renounce the bad and choose the good,
And his Creator praise.

But with an iron hot he seared
The tender monitor,
Then over him in triumph steered,
Upon his steed of war.

And then approached the Word of God, And dealt him many blows; But he withstood, and onward trod, More strongly to oppose.

The Spirit then assailed his heart, He trembled at his power, But, Felix-like, bade him depart Until some other hour. Then One approached upon a cross,
From wounds the blood did pour,
But mockingly his head did toss
While tramping through the gore.

Next came a host of praying ones,
Each prayer a fiery dart,
And though he trembles some and groans,
He drives them from his heart.

Sermons and pleadings he withstands, Though pressing on him sore. He breaks in sunder all the bands, Leaping each barrier o'er.

Reverses come, an army strong, Sickness and losses great, Defiant, as the tide leaps on, He cares not for his fate.

Death comes at last and drives him low Into the realms of night. Well has he earned eternal woe By fighting the bad fight.

"Well done," his captain, Satan, cries,
"You've served my purpose well,
As your reward receive the prize—
A place in deepest hell."

O sinner, would you shun his fate?
Forsake the ways of sin,
Fight the good fight, in glory great
A crown unfading win.

MEDITATION

The ox whose maw the food dilates, In quiet lies and ruminates, Recalling what in haste he ate, Reducing to a finer state, To strengthen and build up his frame. So meditation does the same To build the mind, if right the food, And thus prepare for doing good. Look out upon the earth and sky. And lessons learn of the Most High: Consider these, how little man In magnitude beside this plan. Go read the wondrous book of grace. And meditate upon thy race, Redemption's plan, the Christ to save From death, and hell, and spoil the grave. Reflect upon that home above For all who do the Builder love. Yes, read and meditate and pray, Better and wiser grow each day.

OH, WHAT WILL THE BABY BE?

(Suggested by a baby's photograph, with father and mother on either side.)

The pride of its parents! they 're almost wild, As they stand on the right and left of their child; The mother looks thoughtfully down on her boy, While the father looks out on the future with joy.

Will he live to strong manhood, and onward to age? Will he be a novice, or will he be a sage? Will he be rich, or by dire poverty oppressed? Will he be held in honor, of great praise possessed?

I tremble to think of thy race, which is just begun, In this terrible world in which thou shalt run. The songs of the sirens will break on thy ear, To lure when Charybdis and Scylla are near. The dance and the wine, all the vices of men Will attack thee like serpents coming out of their den, The bite and the sting will then poison impart, And course with the blood to the fountain, the heart.

Great God! send an angel its course to direct, Like cherubim of Eden, with sword to protect, When the spirit of evil shall come to defame, And save from the vortex of ruin and shame.

Make it mighty for good, as the years circle by, That the world may be blessed with blessings on high, And fruit be obtained, after reaching the shore, By others who pass in their pilgrimage o'er.

Oh, thus let the baby be!

ADIEU TO THE OLD HOME

(Respectfully inscribed to the five daughters of Rev. W. Cadman and wife, deceased.)

> Four times he rapped at intervals. Retiring but a little away, Each time the mortal house assails. Then came the last, the final day.

She raised her eyes, and waved her hand. A heavenly smile her face came o'er: Looking beyond the chilling strand. Said, "There's light upon the other shore."

The light that in the window shone When mother went away. Like a bright meteor has gone. And darkness left where once was day.

Five daughters at the old home, dear, Have met-to them a home no more. Their Mecca once, from year to year, Returning to its open door.

Soon strangers' feet those halls will tread, Which long their footsteps knew, With heavy hearts were farewells said, "Adieu, old home, adieu, adieu!"

They kneel in prayer, His name to praise, Who gave them parents, kind and good, To guide their feet in wisdom's ways, When dangers all around them stood.

The sacred relics to divide,

Mementos of each passing year,
Has brought these daughters, side by side,
Again to meet with sigh and tear.

To them each seems a magic wand, When touched it makes the time so brief Backward to childhood's fairy-land, And forward to this day of grief.

Each brings to mind some scene that's past— The little crib and the high chair, The babe it served until the last Received its comfort and its care.

The orchard trees with them grew slow,
But at length did their blossoms bring,
And ripened fruit with varied glow,
For which they hoped each coming spring.

The meadows, flowers, and fields of grain Lend their enchantment, ever dear, With beauty filled the eye and brain, While nature's music thrilled the ear.

Now here and there are pebbles white, Once gathered from the rocks below, Dissolved by storms of day and night, Historic of the "long ago." A thousand varied scenes unfold
Like light and shade—dissolving views,
Which memory to the mind doth hold,
For thought at leisure to peruse.

That house upon the hilltop there
Of more than forty years could tell;
Its builder had laid down his care,
Gone to a fairer one to dwell.

He was a shepherd, and his flock
He fed by hill, and vale, and plain,
And brought them water from the rock—
That rock was Christ for sinners slain.

He left his children in her care, To them a shepherdness was she, Who read the word and offered prayer For them and himself, to thee.

That sacred Book, that treasure old,

Though worn with use and seared with tears,
Gave treasure richer far than gold,

Their chart and compass through the years.

The bleaching snows, and rain, and frost, The scorching sun, and dews of night, His health and life were but the cost, And yet the service was delight.

I see upon another hill
A mansion built of gems and gold,
Where harps and songs the inmates thrill,
And ever new delights unfold.

Four children, with the sire and wife, Are waiting in that blissful land Till death shall close the mortal strife, And they shall join the happy band.

THE CASTAWAY

With stately masts and cordage strong
And sails like sheeted snow,
She from the harbor moves along,
A thing of beauty, graceful, strong,
Nor dreams of danger—no.

Her oaken sides are clad in steel, Firm is her rudder and her keel, She laughs at winds and waves; Yet there are fearful rocks below, But where they are the chart will show, Unheeding, on she staves.

And now is felt the dreadful shock;
The ship has split upon the rock,
And flounders near the bay.
Away is swept each sail and mast,
And on the shore in fragments cast,
Behold the castaway.

APPLY.

I saw upon life's border sea
A ship of greater destiny,
Bound for the eternal shore.
It was a soul immortal, great,
Beyond all human estimate,
Or angel power to soar.

The winds were soft, the skies were bright,
The waves were gemmed with silver light,
And strains Æolian sweet
By fingers of the breeze is swept,
While milady, enchanting kept
Quick time with nimble feet.

The sea seemed safe, and here and there Were islands fringed with beauty rare Of flowers and fruits and trees, While birds of golden plumage gay Their carols sang the livelong day, The listening ear to please.

But lo! it sailed a treacherous sea,
It was not what it seemed to be
To the beholder's eye;
Beneath the surface, just below,
Were rocks and shoals all fearful, though
The chart was ever nigh—

The wondrous Book Jehovah gave
To tell the dangers 'neath the wave,
That all might them avoid.
Yet careless ones would not take heed,
They had no time the chart to read,
And so were all destroyed.

For, suddenly, when hopes were high,
The ruin came. Oh, hear the cry!
To save it is too late.
The billows dash above their head,
And all their hopes of heaven are fled.
How terrible their fate!

A wreck upon the other shore,
Where fearful breakers ever roar
Upon the fiery flood.
O sinner, shun the danger great,
For soon with you 't will be too late
To reach that safe abode.

FAULT FINDING

As the crow upon carrion
Thrives best, even so
Doth the fault-finder
Resemble the crow.

The fields flush with beauty,
With fragrance the air—
But he scents from a distance
A carcass somewhere.

So the fault-finder sees

Naught he can admire

Till he comes to some flaw

Which will feast his desire.

There are thousands of people,
Both far off and nigh,
Were they robbed of fault-finding,
Would, I fear, shortly die.

Well, if they were dead,
In a fault-finding way,
There would be less of darkness,
And more of the day.

A word of good cheer for what is well done Would be like clouds taken off from the sun, And gladden the heart of the toiler anew, And help him far better his task to pursue.

THE LAWS OF GOD

God is the great source of all law
In the systems which people all space,
In the atoms cohesive which draw,
And find their appropriate place.

The calm and the storm hath its path Controlled by his wondrous decree, The waves dashing high in their wrath, Or hushed to their caverns do flee.

One harmony great from the strings,
The hand of the universe plays,
From dulcet to basso it sings
One song, the Creator to praise.

Hark! heard ye the discord above, When Satan had broken his laws, And left his allegiance of love, And multitudes after him draws?

Hark! heard ye the discord below, When man his commands disobeyed, And away from his Maker did go, In darkness, confused and afraid?

Hark! heard ye the voice from the throne
Of the Maker of worlds and the race,
"Lo, I come, for his guilt to atone,
And save all who will by my grace."

Let us go to the regions again,
When the race upon earth is no more,
And list to the song and refrain,
Where his laws can be broken no more.

A TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR FIN

In dual-natured man we find Matter and spirit strangely joined. Nothing but death can separate This union strange and intricate. Though this must ultimately be According to a strong decree, Yet he may have a lengthy stay, If only death is kept away.

And thou hast studied pharmacy, Diseases and anatomy,
And nature's realm for remedies
Adapted well to each disease.
Thou hast searched the heart and brain,
And never found an ache or pain,
Thine own infirmities declare,
Although intangible they are.

Though thou hast not the spirit seen In all thy research which has been, A voice unto thy reason cries, "It lives within and never dies." O'er the diseases of the soul Thy medica hath no control. But thou, as hath the Baptist done, Can point to Mary's Godlike Son.

Thine is a work of greater worth Than any other upon earth. For what is honor, wealth, or fame, With sickness preying on the frame? Nay, all for life a man will give, So strong is the desire to live. To thee he lifts expectant eyes, And on thy skill his hope relies.

LET HIM DOWN GENTLY

An Annual Conference Poem

Oh, let him down gently, he is closing his day,
The furrows are deepening, his hair getting gray;
On the field, for his Master, contending with sin,
Many years in the journey of life hath he been.
Side by side with his brethren proclaiming the truth,
Obeying the mandate God gave him in youth,
"Go preach my salvation, nor shun to declare
The whole of my counsel, whether they hear or forbear."

Then let him down gently, though he sees not as you The shades of the evening, the fall of the dew, But would rush as at morning, forgetting the day Of his strength and his usefulness passing away. Oh, whisper it softly, for he yearns for the fight, And thinketh himself in the prime of his might; Out of measure astonished should any distrust His ability still at the front to be first.

Then let him down gently, remembering his years Of storms and of sunshine, of deep sorrows and fears, Till little by little, scarce noticed by him, Impaired in his hearing, with eyes growing dim, He has entered the realm where aged ones are, All surprised at the thought of so soon being there.

Then let him down gently, it is fit he should rest In the quiet of evening, while clear in the west; His sun fast declining and leaving its gold On the hilltops behind him, through time to unfold, To illumine the path which his active feet trod, And yet multitudes lead to the city of God.

THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT

Weary, thirsty, the traveler went on,
When before him a lakelet arose,
Like a sheet of pure silver it shone,
And he longed on its brink to repose.

There were isles in its bosom of green,
Stately trees, fruits and flowers to behold,
Looking from their depth all serene,
Which mirror'd their emerald and gold.

Quickening his pace, his heart beats elate, For it seems but a little away, Alas! it recedes, his efforts, though great, No power have its fleeting to stay. 'T is the mirage, deceptive, he sees; Such is life to the young and the gay, All expectant of joys, but, like these, Are illusive, receding each day.

O pilgrim, on thy life's desert waste, There are streams of pure water for thee, Which are flowing all real; then haste And partake of them, largely and free.

Full salvation in Christ doth abound,
While the beauties of landscape untold,
By the seekers of good shall be found,
And to them in rich blessings unfold.

There are shadows projecting for shade
Where the rocks in the desert do stand,
So in Christ such protection is made,
While they pass through the wearisome land.

There are coverts, when tempests are loud,
To protect from the furious blast,
By the storms of the centuries unbowed,
And still through the centuries shall last.

Let the mirage deceive thee no more, When the real invites thee to come, Pointing on to the evergreen shore, To a land all immortal, thy home.













